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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The reading of the last published Judicial Statistics is calculated to astonish a good many people who have a general notion that save "in exceptional cases, don't you know, like this White-chapel business," murders are pretty sure to be found out. It appears by the Government report that every year, exclusive of infanticides (which are not so alarming to the adult reader), there are no less than fifty undiscovered murders! Impunity in some cases multiplies the offence ("You see how one black sin brings on another, like little nigger pickaninny riding pickaback upon him mother"), and it is possible that two or three of these murders may be committed by one criminal; but even that deduction leaves a handsome average of forty murderers per annum at large. This disproves, for one thing, the comfortable theory that the consciousness of "the guilt of blood" is something that no man can rid of, and which renders life insupportable; and, indeed, the man who gives himself up for a long undiscovered murder is almost never the man who has committed it. It is probable, therefore (since it is the well-to-do who oftenest escape justice), that all of us who mix much in society number at least one murderer among our acquaintance; and it will be an interesting exercise of the fancy to guess who it is most likely to be.

The German Emperor has enacted that henceforth at the Imperial dinners a German menu shall take the place of the hitherto unavoidable French bill-of-fare. It is a patriotic act in any ruler, but especially so in one who reigns over a country in which there is little (to speak of, and much less to write of) to eat. I sincerely hope that this custom of calling national dishes, at least, by their national names will be developed. In England, where we have the best eatables that are to be found anywhere, it is especially absurd to call our dishes by foreign titles. If there must be a French menu, let it, at all events, be provided by a French cook. Anything more ludicrous than the aping of foreign names for the dishes that are set before us at an English hotel is not to be conceived. As a rule, the more pretentious are their *cartes*, the more abominable is their food. Why cannot plain English be used to describe English fare? What in the sacred name of gastronomy is meant by "Aioyan de boeuf"? A friend pointed out to me, the other day, on the *carte* of a great hotel at a health resort, "Demoiselles d'honneur"—a dainty which, though familiar enough to us English, would be absolutely meaningless to a Frenchman. I have never seen it done, but I believe hotel-keepers—and, for that matter, hosts who ought to know much better—are quite capable of setting before their guests a French rendering of Devonshire cream and raspberry and currant tart—delicacies, I am proud to say, indigenous to my native land, and about which there is only one drawback: they are a little "too good for human nature's daily food." As an honest man grows old, the thing he gets to hate most is affectation; and a French menu prepared by an English cook, out of English ingredients, seems to me the very height of it.

A man was given into custody, the other day, for attempting to commit suicide from London Bridge. His defence was that his hat blew over, and that he jumped into the river after it; and certainly, when he was picked up, half-drowned and dripping, his first inquiry was after his hat. The Magistrate thought it a very strange thing that he should risk his life for an article of such little value; yet very likely, in walking to the court himself that morning, his worship had stepped on to the wet wooden pavement in front of a railway-van, rather than lose one second of his time (which was of no sort of consequence) by waiting till it had passed by. Even the wise man whose motto is "No risk, as the goose said when she stooped under the barn-door," is constantly making a fool of himself in this way; for the most calculating of men are, in such matters, often the creatures of impulse. Comparison—the relative value of one object to another—is a thing which, on the instant, seldom presents itself to men, and not even when they have time to think about it, to women. When the wit utters his sarcasm that makes an enemy for life; when the Citz of "full habit" runs up the incline to save ten minutes by catching the early train, they are both jumping after their hats—and poor hats, too—off the river bridge.

At a watering-place in Somersetshire, where threepence is charged in the local paper for the insertion of the word "Esquire" after the name of a visitor, I read that "in the present weekly issue not a single individual has availed himself of the privilege." This is really very encouraging. One would have expected that "Threepence more and up goes the donkey!" was a cry that on this occasion would certainly have evoked that animal. One can hardly hope, however, that such conduct indicates any decay of snobbism; I am afraid it arises from the experience of the Jury List, in which it is notorious that those who call themselves Esquires are (very properly, as having, presumably, not to work for their bread) more often selected than those who do not aspire to that ambitious title. Lists of visitors at "health-resorts," as watering-places are now called, form a literature of their own: Mr. Brown adds "of London" to his name, as though it were a territorial title. At a southern seaside place, it was, it must be confessed, at rather a slack time I once read among the fashionable arrivals, "Captain Jones and lady and baby."

If Miss Kilmangegge had been a pauper, she would have had a wooden leg instead of a gold one, and the world would have lost a fine poem; but it is certain (except for the look of the leg) that in that case she would have been more comfortable. The disadvantages of having even a wooden leg are, indeed, serious; but, as one would have imagined, obvious. It is clear that it is liable (like good Mr. Gamp's) to get fast in the water-plugs, and to be carried off (with you on it) by some Newfoundland, who mistook it for another bit of wood for

which he is "seeking"; half your "cure for a cold" (as Hood drew it) is gone when you have only one leg, to put in hot water; you can never stand on tip-toe, nor, however necessary may be caution and secrecy, enter a room without "tapping"; the necessity, when sitting, of keeping it at right angles, like a bayonet brought to the charge, must also be very inconvenient. But all these drawbacks are on the surface, though you can scarcely call them skin deep. No one would have imagined, had it not been disclosed in a debate among the Guardians of the City of London Union, the other day, that a wooden leg was liable to be "tampered with." In the flesh jokes have often been played on legs, but surely not in timber! Where would be the fun of "splashing" a wooden leg, or running a pin into the calf of it? and if "tampering" doesn't mean practical joking, what does it mean? The rest of the story is simple enough, though by no means of everyday occurrence. A pauper applied to the Guardians to have his wooden leg repaired, an article which they had themselves procured for him at the cost of fifty shillings. As the estimate for "repairs" reached this sum the "economic section" of the Board, not unnaturally, objected to this item. They proposed that a pound should be paid for absolutely necessary expenses, and so far they have my sympathy as a practical man; but they added this extraordinary "rider"—that, in their opinion, "no alterations would have been required had not the leg been 'tampered with.'" I must have this explained if the "economic section" wishes for my continued support. I shrink from an alliance with persons who make these dark allusions to a crime the very nature of which my intelligence is unable to grapple with. How can you "tamper with" a wooden leg?

The "Merry, merry Swiss Boy" has much to comfort him; it is no wonder that he "jodels," and makes other noises indicative of happiness, and which he confidently believes to be harmonious. His purse at the end of the season is heavy with English and American money; the mountains, if not "a glorious heritage" to him, afford him a considerable income. If he is good, we know that he is happy; if he is not good, and wants to commit a murder, there are cantons close at hand in which the punishment of death has been abolished. Moreover, in one of them at least, there are no taxes. "Our cash in hand," says the Government of Unterwalden, "is sufficient to provide for the public expenditure, and no taxes will therefore be levied during the current year." Imagine the British Government making such an observation! In an admirable article on "Taxation," it was once observed of the dying Englishman that, after being taxed all his life, "he pours his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent, into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid 22 per cent, makes his will on an £8 stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of £100 for the privilege of killing him." Its unparalleled freedom from imposts has caused of late a great deal of nonsense to be written about Switzerland. "Look how admirably she manages! How extremely limited are her naval expenses! If we had the same form of government, we should be governed with equal cheapness." But the fact is, it is a great advantage to live in a country that nobody wants to enter—far less to conquer—except in the summer months. Switzerland is in the happy position of the crow, as described by the author of "Festus"—

Oh! 'tis jolly to live like the great black crow,
For no one doth eat him wherever he go.

It is known that Switzerland is not rich, and also that she is exceedingly tough, so nobody wants to eat her.

The question of "Is Life worth living?" has given place to the more sensible one of "Is Life worth living long?" The former, except to that small minority who were meditating suicide, was a purely theoretic investigation; nothing could come of it, even if it was answered to the general satisfaction, of which there was no sign: but whether it is worth while, by keeping one's temper, bathing in ice-cold water, abstinence from tobacco or any other disagreeable device, to prolong our three score years and ten to five score years is an inquiry that has some practical interest. It seems pretty clear that if we take trouble enough, and consent to do without many things that seem essential to our comfort, it is as easy to live a little longer as it is to make money. The same sort of sacrifice is demanded in each case, but the advantage is much more clear in the latter. If twenty-five years of health and strength could be added to human life, then, indeed, the discovery would be a boon to man; but the modern advocates of longevity do not seem to hold forth any such expectation. A little less rheumatism, a little less weakness, perhaps, purchased by the lack of many enjoyments, is all that they promise to the septuagenarian, who (like the ancient, not modern, knight almost as witty as Falstaff) would be "buried in a Centry box."

The apostle of this new faith, in urging its claims upon humanity, inquires, "Who knows how often, since the dawn of modern science, the chill of death has palsied a hand that had all but lifted the veil of the Isis in the Temple? Or in how many thousand lives time alone would have solved all discords into harmony?" An eloquent appeal enough, but how contrary in its arguments to human experience! The septuagenarian rarely, indeed, employs himself in the occupation indicated, and if he does—or in other words endeavours to pursue the same path that led him to glory and to fame in his maturity, what a mess he generally makes of it! How often do we hear it said, "What a pity it is that this or that great man (politician, poet, painter, or what you will) did not die ten years ago!" Then as for longevity making harmonies of discords, can anyone acquainted with human nature believe that misunderstandings with our fellow creatures are likely to be dissipated by a few more years added to the sum of our lives? Among the moral attractions of old age can certainly not be reckoned freedom from prejudice, or a readiness to make allowance for the shortcomings of others; no man is so old and feeble but that he can

be stubborn in his own opinion; he may be weak as regards his cook-housekeeper, but he is generally resolute enough (though often wrong) in the judgment he has formed of his relatives and belongings. The best and wisest of the grey-beards I have known have accepted their old age in patience, but with none of that pretence of welcome that is to be found in sermons and essays *de Senectute*; it is, at best, a bathos, and I have noticed that the desire of abnormally prolonging it, which some old persons entertain, is seldom shared by those who have most to do with them.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty has walked and taken drives daily in the neighbourhood of Balmoral. On Sept. 19 the Duchess of Albany dined with the Queen and Royal family. Earl Cadogan and Sir Robert Collins were included in the Royal dinner-party, and Lady Collins and the other ladies and gentlemen joined the Royal circle in the evening. Prince Albert Victor of Wales left the castle for York on the 20th. Earl Cadogan had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On the 21st, Princess Frederica and Baron Von Pawel Rammingen dined with the Queen and the Royal family; Miss Trotter and the other ladies and gentlemen joining the Royal circle in the evening. Earl Cadogan had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen went out on the morning of the 22nd, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove with Princess Alice, attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill, to Birkhall, to visit the Duchess of Albany. Princess Beatrice also drove out. Earl Cadogan had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Divine service was performed at the castle on Sunday morning, the 23rd, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the household. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. Earl Cadogan had again the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen drove out on the morning of the 24th, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps, and afterwards went out, attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill. In the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Alice of Hesse, and attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill, drove out and honoured Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick with a visit at Invercauld. Prince Henry of Battenberg, attended by Colonel Clerk, drove to Glen Muick, and joined Mr. Mackenzie in a grouse drive. Earl Cadogan and Lord Rowton, C.B., had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family.

The Queen's reply to the address which was forwarded by the Archbishops and Bishops recently assembled at Lambeth Palace on the subject of the rapid and continuous extension of the Anglican Church throughout the British Empire and the continent of America, during her Majesty's reign, was published in a supplement to the *Gazette* on Saturday. Her Majesty assures the prelates that it will ever be her anxious duty to promote all measures which may tend to maintain and extend the spirit of true religion.

The Prince of Wales returned to Vienna on Saturday morning, Sept. 22, from Hungary, having concluded his visit to Count Festetics. He again alighted at the Grand Hotel. In the evening his Royal Highness and the Crown Prince Rudolph were present at the Theater an der Wien, and witnessed the comic opera of "The Zigeunerbaron." The composer, Herr Johann Strauss, who conducted, was summoned to the Royal box and congratulated upon his work. On Sunday, Sept. 23, the Prince, after attending Divine service at the British Embassy, entertained at lunch at the Grand Hotel the Crown Prince Rudolph, the Archduke Otto, and several other distinguished guests, among whom was Baron Hirsch. The Prince, on Monday, Sept. 24, called upon his brother-in-law, the King of Greece, at the Hôtel Impérial, Vienna, and then visited Professor Angeli's studio, where he saw the half-finished portrait of the German Emperor, and also that just painted of Field-Marshal Moltke. The Prince during the day received General Lawton, the Minister of the United States. He subsequently lunched at the British Embassy, and in the evening, with the Crown Prince and several guests, dined at "Sacher's Garten," in the Prater. Later in the evening the two Princes visited the Theater an der Wien. On the 25th, the Prince entertained the King of Greece at luncheon. In the afternoon, the Archduke Wilhelm gave a dinner in honour of the King of Greece and the Prince of Wales at his Palace on the Ring Strasse. The Prince and the Crown Prince Rudolph left in the evening for the chamois-hunting expedition near Radmer, in Upper Styria.

The Princess of Wales, with her three daughters, ended her visit to the Duchess of Cumberland at Gmünden, on Saturday, the 22nd, arriving in London on the 25th; and next day the Princess and her daughters left Marlborough House for Abergeldie, where they will be joined by the Prince of Wales on his return from Austria.

The Australian cricketers won the match on Sept. 19, with the South of England, at Hastings, by nine wickets. Their tour came to an end on the 22nd, when they beat Surrey, the champion county, by thirty-four runs. Of the forty games they played, they won nineteen, fourteen were lost, and seven were left drawn.

Lord Hampden gave his annual address on agriculture at Glynde (Sussex) harvest-home recently. His Lordship said that although the crops this year were uneven, there was a better average than had been expected, considering the bad weather. In some respects agriculturists were better off this year than last, notwithstanding the fine weather of 1867. Then his shepherds complained that there was nothing in the fields for the sheep to eat, while now they had so much they scarcely knew what to do with it.

The archery season is fast drawing to a close as far as the home counties are concerned. Mrs. Ainsworth, who recently obtained again the National Bronze Medal for Lancashire, has won the Lady Champion badge for the season of the North Lonsdale Archers, Mrs. H. Clarke taking the second badge. Miss Mary Winwood has obtained the silver challenge medal of the Bath Archers. The contest for the silver challenge badges for the highest aggregate score at four of the bow meetings of the Vale of White Horse Archers has resulted in the success of Mrs. Compton and Mr. T. T. S. Metcalfe. Mrs. Tindal-Carill-Worsley has entitled herself to the champion distinction of the Kersal Archers for the best score of the season, and also the champion belt of the Cheadle Archers; Mr. Jepson taking the challenge cup and Miss Hampson the unmarried ladies' badge. The championship medals of the Wyeside Bowmen have been won by Mrs. Crichton and Mr. Battiscombe; the club challenge medals of the West Somerset Society by Miss E. Palmer and Mr. T. Crump; of the Culm Vale, by Miss Sweet and Mr. Snow; while the club badge for highest score with the Fakenham and Dereham has been gained by Miss Norgate.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.
(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Sept. 25.

On the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Baudin, the celebrated Republican martyr and victim of the *coup d'état*, the Minister of Public Works the other day delivered an important speech on the actual danger of the Republic and the miserable comedy of Boulangism. The Minister of Public Works would wish all Republicans, at the forthcoming elections, to go to the poll with this word of order: "The enemy is Césarism—Le Césarisme, voilà l'ennemi. What matter who holds the flag? What matter the imperfections of the edifice or the projects that may be formed for rebuilding it? These disagreements are forgotten in face of the enemy." Certainly it would be a great blessing for the Republic if the political platform could be rid of the question of revision of the Constitution which divides the Republicans against themselves, and must keep them divided. This is why foreign observers declare France to be ungovernable, whereas in reality there is no country more governable—for a time, at least. The fact is that the vast majority of Frenchmen have no opinions at all; but they delight to read newspapers that proclaim advanced views, because they find them piquant and amusing. This has been the case from time immemorial. All the people who go about reading Rochefort's articles and listening to revolutionary speeches are ready to accept any régime that will give them order and security; but the moment that régime is established they will continue as usual to read opposition newspapers, and be quite happy, whether the régime be Napoleon I., Louis Philippe, the Republic, Napoleon III., or General Boulanger. General Boulanger's name has appealed to a million electors "of various opinions," we are told. It would be more correct to say "of no opinions at all." The "brav Général," it appears, will cease to be "lost" next week, when he will return to the capital from his hiding-place, wherever that may be, and resume his campaign against the existing order of things. At the moment of the forthcoming General Elections, in the beginning of 1889, the General will be a candidate in every Department in France—a move which will cost some ten millions of francs; but the Boulangists do not seem to be wanting in funds. One of the active spirits of the party—a militant journalist—declared calmly, the other day, that with liberty of the press, three thousand *camelots*, or newspaper-criers, and a few millions he was ready to accept contracts for changing the Government of France in less than a year. And the worst of it is that this is not altogether a vain boast.

The theatres during the past week have kept the critics and the "first-nighters" busy, and though it cannot be said that we have assisted at the birth of any great dramatic work, we have seen two pieces which promise to be highly successful. The Gymnase has begun its season with a comedy-vaudeville, by MM. Blum and Toché, called "Les Femmes Nerveuses," a most amusing fantaisie. The Renaissance has opened its doors with an opéra-comique in three acts, "Miette," with music by Audran. The score of this piece is really elegant and charmingly melodious; out of the fifteen morceaux of the piece there are eight or nine that will not be soon forgotten. The chief rôle is held by a new diva, Mdlle. Aussourd, who is pretty and witty and a clever singer, likely soon to become famous. The Comédie-Française, in order to ratify the classification of George Sand among the great dramatic writers of France, has annexed to its repertory and revived with much solemnity that author's play "François le Champi." Certainly we listened with some pleasure to the harmonious periods which George Sand puts into the mouths of her Berry peasants; but these latter, it must be confessed, appear too idealised and too goody-goody for our modern analytic and realistic tastes. George Sand's plays have passed into the domain of *vieux jeu*.

The Paris papers notice generally in moderate and dignified terms the death of ex-Marshall Bazaine at Madrid. In the eyes of every patriotic Frenchman, Bazaine ceased to exist the day when he was condemned to death as a traitor to his country. The Bazaine who survived this condemnation, thanks to the clemency of Marshal MacMahon, and thanks to his escape from the Ile Sainte Marguerite, does not belong to history.

Statuemania continues to rage in France. On Sunday at Arcis-sur-Aube, a statue of Danton was unveiled, and M. Lockroy, on behalf of the Government, took part in the commemorative ceremony in honour of this contestable hero. If Danton has his statue, why should not Marat and Robespierre be similarly honoured?

French Academic art has just experienced a severe loss in the person of the painter Gustave Boulanger, who died suddenly on Sept. 21, at the age of sixty-four. A pupil of Paul Delaroche, Prix de Rome, Professor at the Ecole des Beaux Arts and member of the Institute, Boulanger was an ardent enemy of modernism and especially of impressionism in art. He himself painted scarcely anything but subjects relating to the events and daily life of Imperial Rome. Outside the Greeks and Romans he found few things worthy of his correct brush except occasionally an Arab or a portrait of a friend. Boulanger was a fine draughtsman.

It is proposed to arrange the Fine Arts Section of the Exhibition of 1889 in six sections, which will comprise a retrospective exhibition of French art from 1789 to 1878, and a decennial exhibition of French and foreign art from 1878 to 1889, together with sections of historical monuments, casts, enamel, goldsmith's work, drawing, theatrical construction, scene-painting, machinery, and costume. The national porcelain, tapestry, and mosaic manufactories will be represented by specimens of their products from 1789 to 1889. T. C.

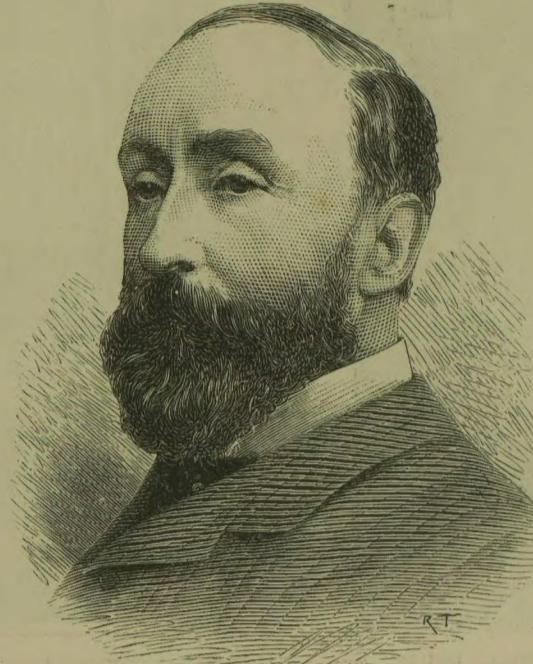
There was a remarkable demonstration in Rome on Sept. 20, the occasion being the celebration of the anniversary of the entry of Italian troops into that city. The Syndic read a telegram from the King, who said that during eighteen years Rome had proved that she was able to accomplish her high mission towards Italy and the civilised world.—His Majesty was present the same day at the unveiling a monument to Quintino Sella at Biella. The ceremony was marked with much popular enthusiasm.—The International Literary and Artistic Congress at Venice have decided that an author's copyright should include the rights of translation, and expressed the wish that the United States would accept the Convention of Berne.

The Spanish Minister of Public Works inaugurated on Sept. 21 one of the most important public works in Spain. The scheme is to construct for Bilbao an outside harbour, or secondary port, at the entrance of the river Nervion, to be known as the port of Abra. The effect will be to supersede the existing dangerous entrance to the river, produced by the open bar, which, especially during the prevalence of north-west winds, renders Bilbao one of the most dangerous and difficult ports on the Atlantic coast.

The Netherlands Minister of Finance has prepared his Budget for 1888-89. It shows a deficit of 13,000,000 fl., which, it is expected, will be reduced to 5,000,000 fl. by an increased yield from taxation and various economies. The total deficit at the end of 1889 is estimated at 25,000,000 fl., but the

Minister states that new loans can be avoided for a long time in consequence of the abundance of money in the Treasury

The Emperor of Germany arrived at Potsdam on Sept. 22. On the 23rd the Emperor and Empress visited the new Casino for the officers of his Majesty's Body Guard Hussars, and afterwards received a visit from the Empress Frederick. The Emperor was present on the 24th at the inauguration of the new club of the Hussars of the Guard. After giving audience to Prince Bismarck, who came from Friedrichsruh on purpose, on the 25th, his Majesty proceeded to Detmold on a visit to the Prince of Lippe-Detmold; and the Empress, accompanied by her children, left for Primkenau.—Public interest



THE LATE EARL OF MAR AND KELLIE.

SEE "OBITUARY."

continues to be greatly excited by the publication of the late Emperor's diary, from which it appears that he was the real moving spirit in the foundation of the new empire. Some doubts have, however, been expressed of the genuineness of the diary.

THE LATE MR. R. A. PROCTOR.

The death of this eminent scientific astronomer, and popular writer and lecturer on the facts of astronomy, took place on Sept. 12, at New York, where he had arrived two days before from his chosen home among the orange-groves of Florida, on his way to England. Mr. Richard Anthony Proctor was a Londoner, born in Chelsea on March 23, 1834, and was educated at private schools, at King's College, London, and at King's College, Cambridge, where he was a wrangler in mathematics, and took his degree of B.A. He was for a short time a clerk in the London Joint Stock Bank, but inherited a small independence, which he lost in 1867 by the Overend and Gurney failure. Having been married several years, and having already written astronomical papers for the *Cornhill Magazine*, and published an important treatise on the planet Saturn, which appeared in 1865, Mr. Proctor resolved to earn an income by literature descriptive of the interesting results of modern



THE LATE MR. R. A. PROCTOR, ASTRONOMER.

astronomical research. In this department, both as an author and as a lecturer, his abilities were such as have rarely been equalled; his lectures, delivered from memory without the aid of any written notes, were admirable compositions, perfectly methodical in arrangement, clear, concise and graceful in style, and replete with exact particulars for which he never hesitated a moment. They were eagerly listened to by his audiences all over the United Kingdom, America, and Australia, while he continued to write magazine articles and popular books, which proved a literary success. "Other Worlds than Ours," "Orbs around Us," "The Borderland of Science," "Half-hours with the Stars," and "Light Science for Leisure Hours;" also "Planetary Orbits," "Sun Views of the Earth," and "Constellation Seasons," are well known. He also performed much really scientific work of research, producing a revised edition of the great catalogue of stars, discussing the method of observing the transit of Venus, examining the mathematics of astronomy, and making observations in solar spectroscopy. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society in 1866, and was afterwards appointed honorary secretary and editor of its "Proceedings," but soon resigned that office. He was an honorary Fellow of King's College, London.

THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION.

The grand International Exhibition at Melbourne, held in commemoration of the centenary of the settlement of Sydney, New South Wales, in 1788, which was the commencement of the Australian Colonies, has been partly described. Illustrations, from sketches by our special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, of its opening by Sir H. B. Loch, the Governor of Victoria, accompanied by the other Governors of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, have appeared in this Journal. The Exhibition buildings, a great enlargement of those erected for the Melbourne Exhibition of 1880, in Carlton-gardens, with the architectural front to the south, but with the main entrance from Nicholson-street, on the east side, are intersected from north to south by the "Grand Avenue of Nations." In this Grand Avenue, a quarter of a mile long, passing down it from the north end, are the entrances to the Courts, respectively, on the right hand side, of the United States of America, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Belgium, France, and Great Britain; on the left hand side, those of Canada, New Zealand, Queensland, South Australia, the large Court of Victoria, Tasmania, and New South Wales. A dome of the building covers the intersection of the Eastern and Western Avenues with the Grand Avenue of Nations; at the south end of which, passing to the right a large compartment allotted to Lancashire manufacturers, are the great hall, the fernery, the nave and transept, the grand dome, 200 ft. high, the State reception-rooms, and the offices of the Exhibition Commissioners, with galleries, courts, and various departments specially ornamental or attractive. Here, in the east gallery of the nave, above the concert-hall, is the German Trophy, which represents Germania congratulating Australia on the attainment of her centenary; and in the south gallery is the statue of Victory, which was left by the Germans as a legacy to Victoria after the Exhibition of 1880. The British, French, German, Belgian, and Victorian Art Galleries are in the balconies on the north and south sides of the nave, in this part of the buildings. Proceeding thence up the Grand Avenue of Nations, and passing the Courts of Great Britain and France, on one hand, New South Wales and Victoria on the other, and several foreign and colonial courts, the visitor, approaching the north end, reaches that of Germany, and the United States Court next it, the entrances to which are shown in our Illustrations. The entrance to the German Court is through an immense arch, hung with rich draperies, which leads directly into a saloon filled with pianos, and some of these are continually being played. The United States Court is distinguished by the stars painted on columns, and by the name in large gold letters under the side lights; its front is occupied by Singer's sewing machines, and Edison's phonographs attract much curiosity. In the machinery annexe, at the north end, Great Britain, America, and Germany divide the space between them; the collection of British machinery is said to be the most important ever brought together. There is not very much ground outside the buildings, or anything worthy of note except two portable railways and the inevitable "switch-back," now a popular amusement at all Exhibitions. As a well-furnished and well-ordered show of leading arts and industries, European, American, and Australian, and of Colonial products, the Melbourne Exhibition is tolerably complete.

The Natal Council has passed a resolution declaring that it is undesirable, in existing circumstances, to consider the question of the annexation of Zululand to Natal.

The anniversary of the union between Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia has been celebrated with great rejoicing at Sofia and the principal Roumelian towns.

From Zanzibar we hear that there has been fighting at Bagamoyo between the German colonists and the natives, upwards of one hundred of the latter having been killed.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Sergius and the Grand Duke Paul of Russia were received by the Sultan on Sept. 25, at Constantinople, his Majesty subsequently paying them a visit at the Yildiz Châlet.

Souakim seems to be regularly invested by the rebel Dervishes. Trenches have been dug, guns mounted, and shells thrown into the town. A hot fire is kept up by both sides, and the boldness of the insurgents seems to be increasing.

A singular affair is reported to have happened on the Southern Pacific Railway, in Texas, where a gang of robbers stopped an express. An armed force on the train put the robbers to flight, and shot two of them; but by mistake they also killed the engine-driver.

The Queen has conferred the Albert Medal of the Second Class upon Lieutenant Pulteney Malcolm, 4th Ghoorka Regiment, in recognition of the conspicuous gallantry displayed by him on June 10, 1887, in attempting to save the life of a comrade who had fallen over a precipice, near Dalhousie, East India.

Colonel Graham has attacked the Thibetans in the Jelapla Pass, and completely defeated them, capturing their camp. The Thibetans lost four hundred killed and wounded. On the British side Colonel Bromhead lost his right arm, and nine Sepoys were wounded. Colonel Graham is now advancing upon Rinchigong, in the Chumbi Valley, which is in Thibetan territory.

A scheme for the promotion of evening educational classes is being set on foot by the London Young Women's Christian Association. There are over 140 branches of the Association in London, and of these nearly forty are institutes and homes. Several of these institutes have held evening classes for their members, but an endeavour is now being made to increase the number and the efficiency of the classes, and so bring them within reach of the large numbers of young women not at present enrolled among the 15,000 members of the London Y.W.C.A. The subjects to be taught will include book-keeping, shorthand, French, music, dress-cutting and draping, ambulance, housewifery, and cookery. The classes will be open to all young women, the teaching will be thoroughly efficient, and the fees extremely moderate. A list of institutes in all parts of London where these classes are to be held will be forwarded on application to the Secretary, 16A, Old Cavendish-street, W.

The Portrait of the late Earl of Mar and Kellie, whose death is noticed in our Obituary, is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, of Regent-street; and that of the late Major Edmund Musgrave Barttelot, murdered in Central Africa by the mutineers of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, is from a photograph by Mr. Marshall Wane, of Edinburgh. The photograph of the late Mr. R. A. Proctor, copied in our Portrait of him, is by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street. Among our Illustrations of the Chelmsford festivities at the creation of the new Municipal Corporation for that town, we give the Portraits of Mr. Frank Whitmore, architect, who is nominated by the Charter to be the first Mayor and Alderman; and of Mr. Arthur J. Furbank, solicitor, who is appointed Town Clerk; both these are from photographs by Mr. F. Spalding, of Chelmsford. A series of views of the ceremonies, taken by Mr. F. E. Everard, photographer, of that town, has been received with much approval.



THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION: ENTRANCE TO THE GERMAN COURT.



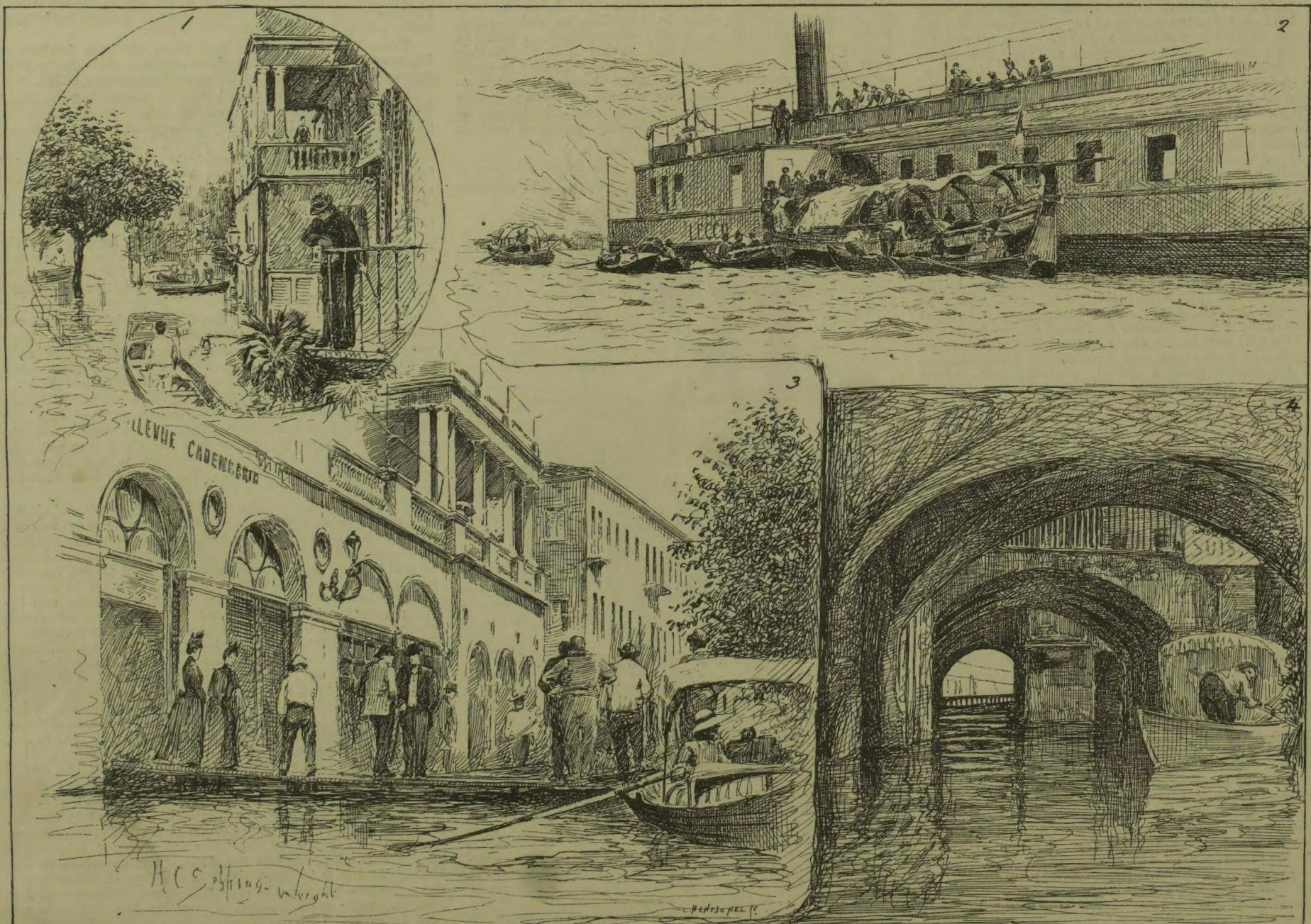
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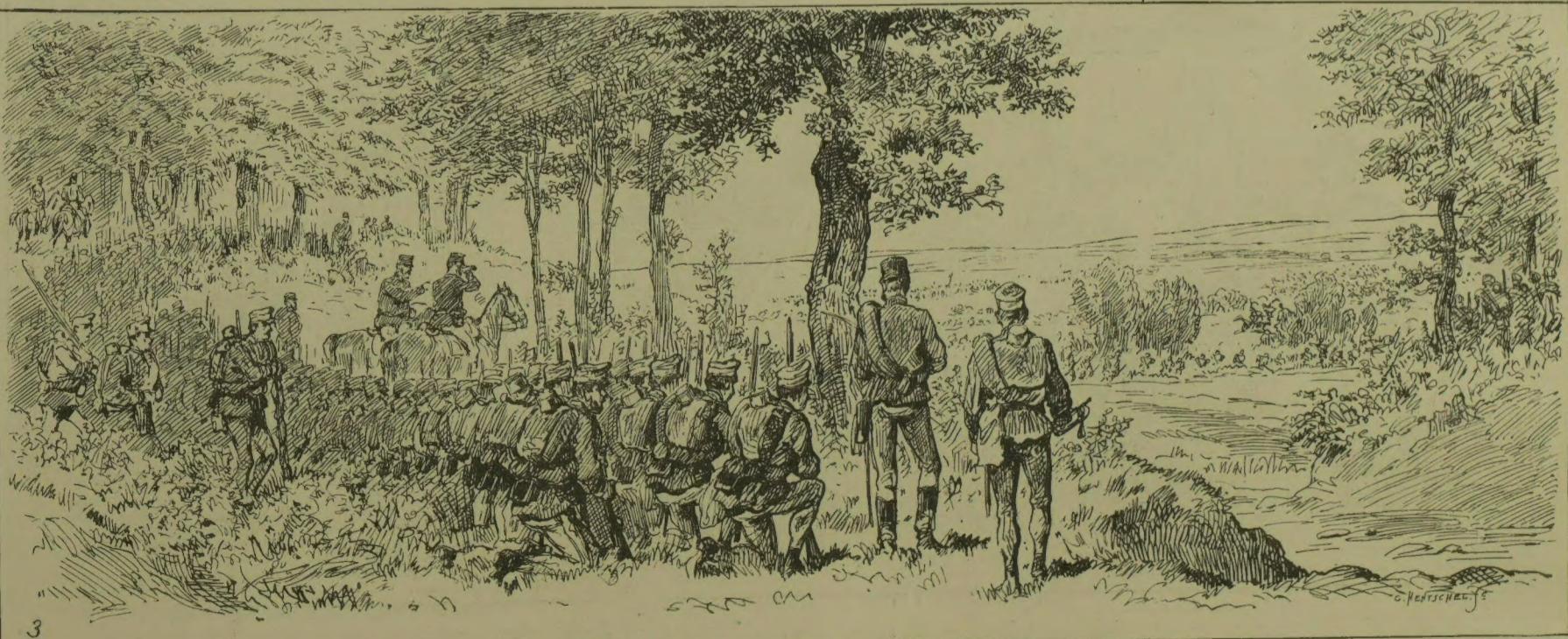
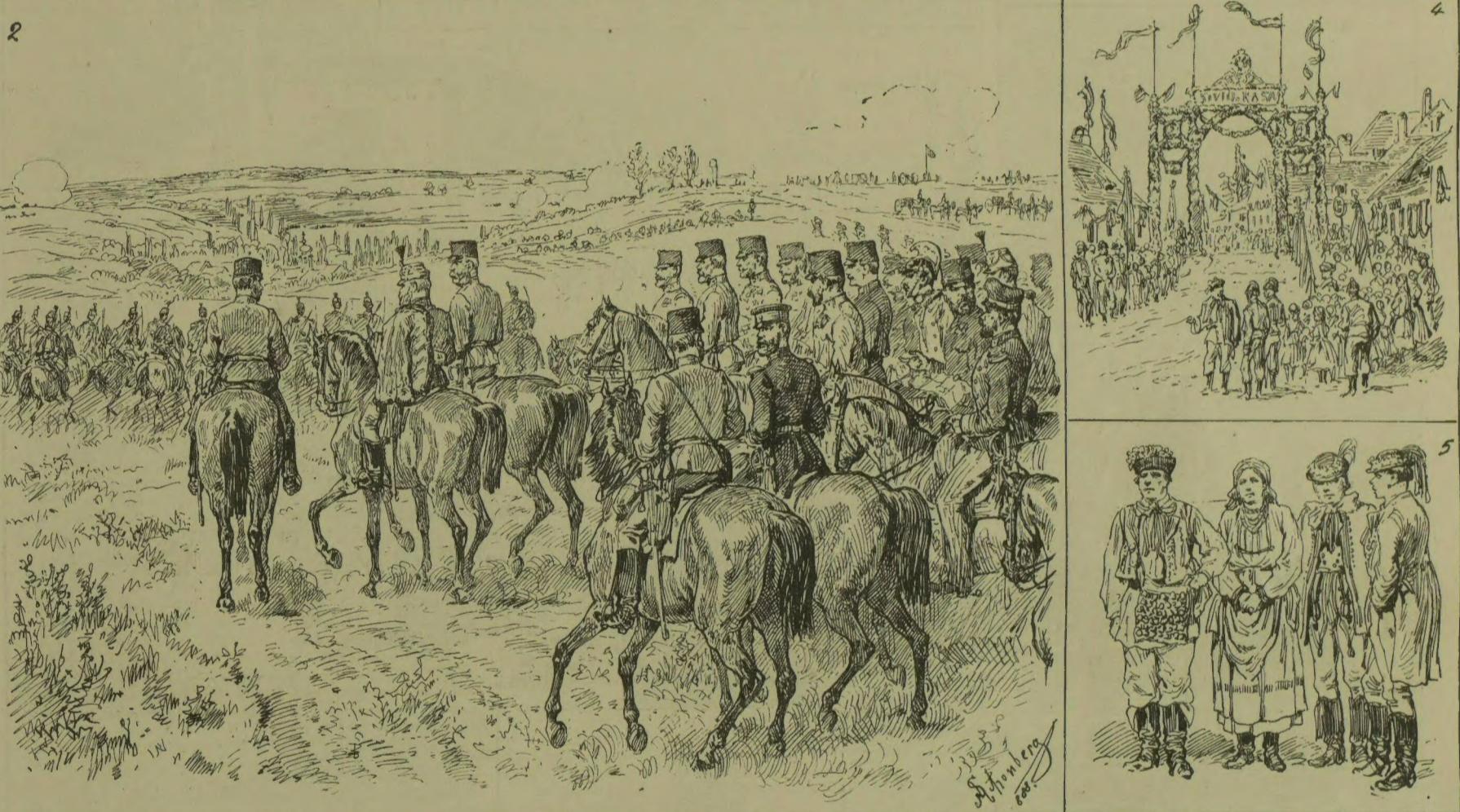
THE FLOODS IN NORTH ITALY.

The romantic valleys on the Italian side of the Alps, especially those about the Lake of Como and in the Italian Tyrol at the head of the Lake of Garda, have been visited by extensive floods, causing much inconvenience to September tourists, but no real danger, and we believe no great amount of damage. On the Lake of Como, so much frequented by English families, the water rose about ten feet, owing to incessant rains during four days, but not to the height it reached on Sept. 2, 1829, nor that of Oct. 6, 1868, though it exceeded by a few inches the height it attained on May 29, 1810. By Sept. 14 it was slowly receding, and should the weather continue fine, would return to its usual level in the course of a few days. Bellagio and

Cadenabbia, towns nearly opposite to each other at the entrance to the south-western branch of the lake, which leads to Como and to Milan, experienced the effects of the flood. At the former place the lower floors of the smaller hotels were invaded by the lake, but the large hotels and more recently built ones are untouched. At Cadenabbia, the salons and dining-hall at the Belle Vue hotel were partially submerged, while the Hôtel Britannia and the Hôtel Belle Ile remained completely free from all signs of the inundation. Lieutenant-Colonel T. B. Jervis, who was staying at the Hôtel Belle Vue, has favoured us with some photographs of the scenes he witnessed there. He says that, after the heavy thunderstorm and rains on the night of Sept. 11, the sight of the rapidly rising lake frightened the visitors, so that next morning about eighty

persons left the hotel, and were taken off in boats, to which they walked from the door over a platform of planks, embarking on the steamers for Lecco or Como. One of our illustrations is that of the Arcades at Bellagio, where the floods did a good deal of damage to the contents of the shops for the sale of silks, rugs, and objects of art or curiosity. We take this opportunity of noticing the latest descriptive account of the various interesting places on the shores of the Lake of Como, their beautiful scenery, antiquities, and historical associations. "Como and Italian Lake-land," a volume published by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co., is the work of the Rev. T. W. M. Lund, Chaplain to the School for the Blind at Liverpool. It includes, moreover, the fullest and most exact account of Milan with which we are acquainted.

1. Front of the Bellevue Hotel at Cadenabbia, on the Lake of Como.
2. Boats taking people from the Hotel on board the Lake steamer.3. Visitors leaving the Hotel door by a platform across the water to the boats.
4. Arcades at Bellagio flooded.



1. Escort of Mounted Croatian Peasants accompanying the Emperor and the Prince of Wales to Belovar.
2. The Emperor, the Crown Prince, and the Prince of Wales, witnessing the Manoeuvres, on the hills near Greda.

3. Croatian Honveds in the Belo Forest. 4. Triumphal Arch erected at Kreutz.
5. Peasants in the Croatian national costume, awaiting the Emperor and the Prince of Wales.



SKETCHES FROM "THE ARMADA" AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES."

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION UP THE CONGO AND ARUWIMI.

Readers of the articles which have from time to time appeared under the above heading in *The Illustrated London News* will have been more or less prepared for startling incidents in the history of the Emin Bey Expedition. The serious difficulties that threatened the advance have been dwelt upon, but with caution—my correspondent being under articles of agreement with Mr. Stanley which neither he nor I would willingly disregard. Mr. Ward has forwarded to me sketches and notes, portions of which I am privileged to publish in these columns, the object being rather to illustrate some of the country through which the expedition has passed, than to offer any special references to its policy or management. The fatal disaster which has befallen Major Barttelot is by many regarded as indicative of the previous death of Stanley; but the fact of the news of poor Barttelot's assassination travelling home so quickly is rather encouraging than otherwise as touching the fate of the famous journalistic explorer. "Ill news travels apace" even in Africa; and as long as there is no definite intelligence of the death of Stanley, so long may we continue to have not only good hope of his welfare but of the ultimate success of his expedition. Stanley's career is the best answer to the various rumours and reports of his intentions in Central Africa. The latest announcement is that he went out to found a new Empire, and intended to proclaim himself Emperor. A New York correspondent says Stanley offered him a position as one of his Ministers. Mr. Stanley had probably been amusing himself in this romantic suggestion. Those who saw him last on this side of the Atlantic, and who are associated with him in his arduous work, know well enough that his mission was the relief of Emin Bey; and if he has gone out of the prescribed route it is under the pressure of circumstances over which he has had no control.

The accompanying Illustrations are from drawings by my Congo correspondent, Mr. Ward, made principally at Stanley Falls and in the neighbourhood of the Aruwimi camp, so often mentioned of late in connection with the expedition, and which Major Barttelot broke up to follow his chief. Bolobo, which forms one of our first Illustrations, has been mentioned in former notes. Its history is more or less tragic. In connection with the present expedition it has, however, a peaceful and uneventful record. It is the great centre of the ivory and cam-wood powder trade. The native merchants do their business through agents at Stanley Pool. Bolobo, during Mr. Stanley's experience of it, had been twice at war and twice burned to the ground. Eventually, peace was established all round, and the station has become more or less safe; but to secure outposts of this importance, they ought to be efficiently garrisoned. In a district where, as Stanley confesses, the most trivial incidents will bring on a battle, an efficient garrison is needed at all times. The Bolobo country commences with the picturesque little village of Itimba, the tropical prettiness of which is artistically suggested in Mr. Ward's Sketch. It is situated on a low hill, thickly wooded. "Then, as you sail up the river," says Mr. Stanley, "village after village appears, in a nearly continuous line, for about an hour, when the station (Bolobo) comes into view on the open higher ground behind the narrow belt of tall timber lining the riverside." The station is healthy; and some day, when Europeans have learnt the diplomatic art of managing the natives, the district may develop into a fine agricultural settlement. "Imagine a strip of the left bank of the river, about twelve miles long, a thin line of large umbrageous trees close to the water's edge, and a gently sloping background of cleared country rising to about thirty feet above the tallest tree. Just above the centre of this strip, on the open ground, is the station of Bolobo, consisting of a long mat-walled shed, a mud and wattle kitchen, a mud-walled magazine with grass-roofs, and about seventy huts arranged in a square, on the outside of the inner group of buildings. Above and below it, close to the water side, amid banana and palm groves, are sheltered about fifteen villages. Seven of these—Itimba, Mingolo, Biangulu, Ururu, Mongo, Mangu, Yambula, and Lingenji—are below the station. Eight are above, among which is Mbanga and a few villages of the Banunu tribe. These form what is called Bolobo."

It is hardly necessary to describe Stanley Falls and the river scenery. But the accompanying fresh Illustrations of the locality are interesting. The drawings were made in the autumn of 1887. They are quite in keeping with the eloquent accounts we have had of the two main channels of the river that are almost bridged at the falls. The stakes and nets in the Illustrations below the falls are familiar objects of the river, and mark the various cataracts. Most of the local tribes are fishermen: the tremendous operations of the Wenya people have been graphically chronicled by Mr. Stanley, not the least interesting of whose latter chapters of "The Congo Free State" is the history of Tippoo Tib's cunning dealings with the hardy Wenya men, whereby he was enabled to navigate the river and establish himself at Stanley Falls. The house of Tippoo Tib is from a drawing made from the site of the Stanley Falls station, Aug. 30, 1887. In the Illustration of Mr. Ward's house at the falls we have a suggestion of "home" in the construction of the high doorway and ample windows; and on the walls, I glean from his letters, were photographs of friends and reminiscences of *The Illustrated London News*. Tippoo Tib's personality, his wives and retinue have been previously noted in these papers. Mr. Ward in one of his letters mentions, as a great surprise and a stroke of genius, Stanley's treaty with Tippoo Tib, whose aid he regarded as absolutely necessary to a successful issue of the expedition at Wadelai. The difficulties of Stanley and his officers are possibly in some cases nevertheless increased by their alliance with the Arabs, who have left behind them on all hands rancorous memories among the natives of nearly every class. As an example of the hostility which has to be met, the following note, taken at random from Mr. Ward's diary (prior to the date on which he joined the expedition) may be quoted:—

Jan. 25, 1887.—Left Manyanga for down country with Lieutenant Taunt, the natives on the 21st having come down upon me, burnt the large store, stabbed one of my men and killed another outright. We succeeded in holding our own to some extent, and saved our loads out of the fire, including some loose kegs of gunpowder.

It was in the following March that Ward met the expedition, about the fate of which everybody is now painfully anxious. The reader has long ago been able to form a good idea of the character and appearance of the army of soldiers and carriers on the march in former extracts from the letters of my Congo correspondent; but the manuscript diary which I have recently received contains memoranda of a picturesque incident already mentioned which are worth more complete quotation:—

March 6.—Ingham had arrived from Europe, and I heard all about Stanley's Emin Bey Relief Expedition, and determined to try and join; so I accompanied Ingham up to Lukungu to procure carriers. We rattled up very quickly, and dodged about the markets. Ingham then went down on the 17th with about 150 men, and I started from Luk with between 300 and 400 men on the 22nd. On my way I heard, at M'Banja Mantika, of Stanley's

arrival, and, pushing on, I met him two days after, near Maga Mankene, on the N'seke Strain side. I first of all saw four Soumals carrying their kit; then Stanley, mounted on a fine mule, its trappings shining in the bright morning light; behind him was a great, tall Soudanese soldier, carrying Gordon Bennett's yacht flag (American, with round yellow circle and anchor). "And you are Mr. Ward, are you? Why, you have grown somewhat since I saw you in London in '84," said Stanley, dismounting. He offered me a seat upon a couple of the Soumals' rolled blankets. We sat. He handed me a cigar from a small silver case, which I afterwards ascertained was the one given him by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales upon the occasion of his visit to Sandringham just previous to his departure with this expedition. . . . When we parted (I with my new duties and mission) I proceeded on past the caravan, which was composed of upwards of 700 men, and a more imposing sight I think I never saw. All the men were fresh, having only started two or three days, and they were all dressed in their characteristic costumes: Zanzibaris in their white Arab shirts reaching to the knee, with just a little of their gaudy-coloured loin-cloth visible below it, boxes on their heads, water-bottles slung over their shoulders, their guns at their backs; Soudanese soldiers in their dark-blue great-coats and hoods, their bayonets, cartridge-belts, and guns and kit; Soumals with their fancy waistcoats and variegated loin-cloths; sections of the whale-boat carried each by four men; donkeys with pack-saddles and loads, and hoes, shovels, and axes; the caravan stretched away for three miles—a fine subject for a painter; a most unusual and strange sight on the Congo.

Sad events have happened since that gay cavalcade marched through the African wilderness; and Mr. Ward's diary of 1888, to which I shall have occasion to refer in future articles, contains notes of pestilence, privations, and war. In presence of the doubts as to Stanley's fate, the murder of Barttelot, the death of Jameson (which will probably leave Ward in command), one may be allowed to make such extracts therefrom as throw light upon the earlier movements of the expedition and the experiences of those whom Stanley has left as his rear-guard. Meanwhile, an eastern force—consisting of the Seventh Infantry Division, with the Eighty-second Honved Infantry Brigade, in all seventeen battalions, six squadrons, and twenty guns—was marching up from Bosnia to the Croatian capital, and, with the advanced guard, reached the vicinity of Belovar. The two advance columns were to come into contact, and to fight for the strategical points defending the entrance to Bosnia. During part of the morning the Emperor, the Prince of Wales, and the Archdukes Rudolph, William, and Otto remained on a plateau whence they could descry all the manoeuvres. Presently they moved away, with six squadrons of Uhlans and four of Honveds, or Landwehr Cavalry, to repulse an attack of the enemy. The charges were brilliantly executed; and the Emperor, noticing the Prince of Wales's admiration, introduced General Von Henesberg, Inspector-General of the Honved Cavalry, saying, "This is the man to whom we owe the efficiency of our Landwehr Cavalry."

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The manoeuvres were continued next day, Sept. 14, the Prince of Wales remaining on horseback till they were finished. The quarters at Belovar occupied by his Royal Highness were apartments on the first floor of the "County House," the largest building in the town, while the Emperor occupied the residence of the Lord Lieutenant of the county. In the street of the town, two triumphal arches had been erected, in welcome of the Emperor and his illustrious guest. In front of one of these there was an official reception by the Archduke Joseph, the popular Chief of the Hungarian and Croatian Honveds, supported by all the Croatian and local authorities, including Cardinal Michailovich, whom the Emperor especially distinguished. The Prince of Wales accompanied his Majesty to a popular fete at the neighbouring village, where he saw the peasants, clad in white, enlivened by bright-coloured scarfs and aprons, dancing the *kolo* to the melancholy strains of the bagpipes and tambura. He also spent some time in the camp of the gipsies. In the evening the natives surprised the Imperial visitors with a finely-performed serenade and a torchlight procession.

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THE AUSTRIAN MILITARY MANOEUVRES.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, King of Hungary, entertaining his Royal guest the Prince of Wales, conducted him on Sept. 12 to Belovar, in Croatia, where he remained two days, to witness some manoeuvres of a portion of the Austro-Hungarian Army. The Imperial Crown Prince Rudolph, and Archdukes Otto and William of Austria, accompanied his Majesty and the Prince of Wales, who arrived from Budapest, with the Hungarian Ministers, at the Kreutz railway station, and were escorted in carriages to Belovar, preceded by the Ban of Croatia, with a martial array of armed and mounted Croatian peasants. The Prince of Wales, wearing his Austrian Hussar uniform, sat with the Emperor in his carriage; his personal suite consisted of Major-General Ellis, C.S.I., the Hon. H. Tyrwhitt Wilson, Prince Louis Esterhazy, and Count Breda, who is a Captain in the Austrian Army. Major-General Keith Fraser, Military Attaché, was also travelling with the Prince, by the Emperor of Austria's special invitation.

On the next morning the manoeuvres were commenced. The general idea was that a western force—consisting of the Thirty-sixth Infantry Division and the Eighty-third Honved Infantry Brigade, making in all twenty battalions and ten squadrons, with eighteen guns—advancing from Agram to Brod, had detached one column, which was to reach Belovar. Meanwhile, an eastern force—consisting of the Seventh Infantry Division, with the Eighty-second Honved Infantry Brigade, in all seventeen battalions, six squadrons, and twenty guns—was marching up from Bosnia to the Croatian capital, and, with the advanced guard, reached the vicinity of Belovar. The two advance columns were to come into contact, and to fight for the strategical points defending the entrance to Bosnia. During part of the morning the Emperor, the Prince of Wales, and the Archdukes Rudolph, William, and Otto remained on a plateau whence they could descry all the manoeuvres. Presently they moved away, with six squadrons of Uhlans and four of Honveds, or Landwehr Cavalry, to repulse an attack of the enemy. The charges were brilliantly executed; and the Emperor, noticing the Prince of Wales's admiration, introduced General Von Henesberg, Inspector-General of the Honved Cavalry, saying, "This is the man to whom we owe the efficiency of our Landwehr Cavalry."

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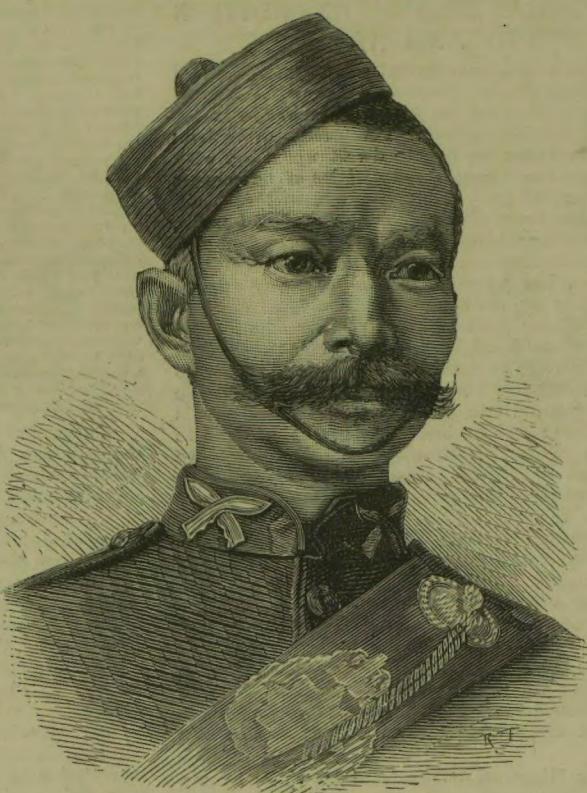
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THE LATE MAJOR EDMUND MUSGRAVE BARTTELOT,
KILLED BY MUTINEERS, IN THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.



SUBAHDAR KISHAUBIR NAGAR KOTI,
A BRAVE NATIVE OFFICER OF A GHOURKA REGIMENT.

A BRAVE NATIVE INDIAN OFFICER.

The lamented death of Major Battye and Captain H. B. Urmston, of the Punjab Infantry, who were killed on June 18 in a conflict with the revolted tribes of the Black Mountain, on British territory, near the Oghi outpost beyond Abbottabad, was noticed in this Journal at the time. Further accounts showed that the Ghurkas behaved with great bravery; and the native officer, Subahdar Kishaubir, 1st Battalion 5th Ghurkas, with heroic courage. It appears that on approaching Chitabad heavy firing was opened on the advanced guard, which was accompanied by Major Battye and Captain Urmston. On its being reported that a havildar with the rear-guard had been wounded Major Battye and Captain Urmston joined the rear and placed the wounded man in a dandy. The fire now became very heavy, and Major Battye ordered the Ghurkas to retire on a village occupied by the advanced guard. The jungle here was very thick, and, while retiring, Captain Urmston was severely wounded with an axe in the left shoulder. Shortly after this Subahdar Kishaubir heard the bugler boy calling out for assistance, and exclaiming that the Major was attacked. On rushing up the Subahdar saw Major Battye, severely wounded, defending

himself. The Subahdar dashed in and drove his sword with both hands through the chest of the assailant, who dropped dead. Seizing Major Battye's arm, Kishaubir led him off, but after a few steps Major Battye fell. Large numbers of tribesmen now surrounded the small party, cutting off retreat in every direction, save down a precipitous ravine. A dash was made upon Captain Urmston. The Subahdar shouted, "Fight bravely, my children; do not desert your English officers! If you must die, let some of these dogs die with you!" The Sepoys fought stably together until Major Battye and Captain Urmston were both dead. The Subahdar, who had exhausted his rifle ammunition, discharged his remaining revolver cartridges, and shouted, "Both the officers are dead; now you may save your own lives!" He then, with the two surviving Sepoys, jumped down the ravine, and eventually managed to rejoin the main force. He was badly wounded. A bullet had passed through his thigh, and he had a gash on the head and a disabled arm. Nevertheless, he insisted upon marching back with the force to recover the bodies of Major Battye and Captain Urmston. The Sepoys accordingly fought their way back, and eventually carried off their dead, and succeeded in returning, late in the evening, to Oghi Fort.

We are requested by Colonel H. B. Urmston, of Ardenlee, Maidstone, father of the gallant officer bearing that name whose loss is deplored, to publish the Portrait of Subahdar Kishaubir Nagar Koti, who has nearly recovered from his wounds, and is at present on sick leave at his home in Nepal. The Subahdar has already been three times decorated with the Order of Merit for his conspicuous gallantry on different occasions. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. H. Browning and Son, India.

With regard to Captain Urmston, there is a letter from Colonel John Haughton bearing testimony to a singular act of courage which he once performed alone, in passing among enemies in the dark at night, through the craggy hills at Bagh, when he was doing duty with the transport department of General Tytler's brigade, in the Zaimusht expedition of December, 1878. He died a worthy death, falling in the act of trying to save a wounded comrade.

Mr. Blane, M.P., was released on Sept. 24 from Londonderry Jail, where he had been imprisoned for some time for offences against the Crimes Act.—Two Roman Catholic priests have been sentenced by Mr. M'Leod at Arklow to six weeks' imprisonment for inciting persons to join in an illegal conspiracy.

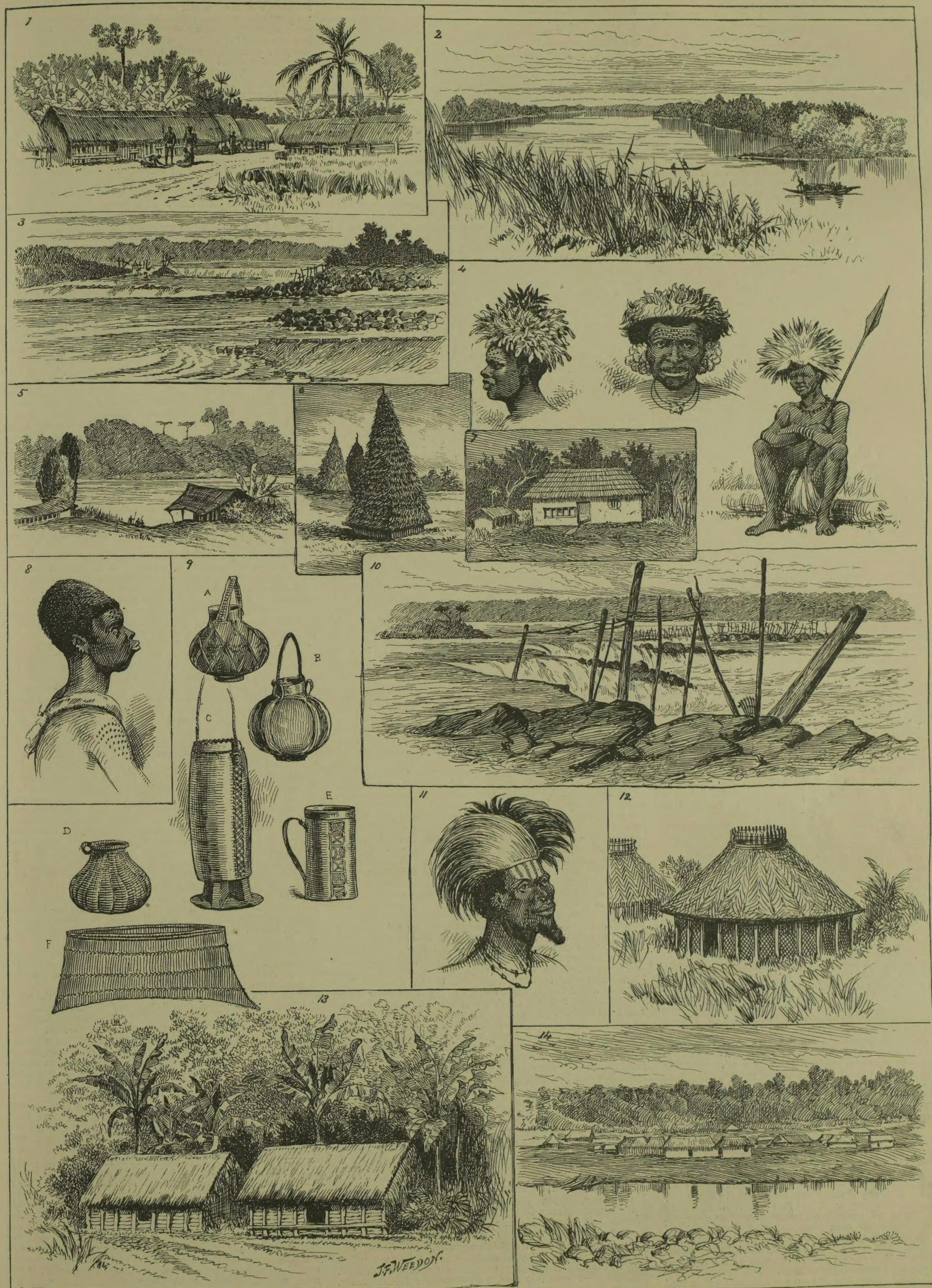
MR. R. COOK,
Secretary, Reception Committee.

MR. FRANK WHITMORE,
First Mayor of Chelmsford.

MR. ARTHUR J. FURBANK,
First Town Clerk of Chelmsford.



MUNICIPAL INCORPORATION OF CHELMSFORD: MR. FURBANK READING THE CHARTER AT THE TOWNHALL.



1. Bolobo, on the Congo River.

2. Looking up the Congo from the house of Shick Mahomed-bin-Seid, at Stanley Falls.

4. The Babulu-Wasongolo Tribe (Three Types).

5. Village in Mahomed-bin-Seid's District.

7. Our House at Stanley Falls.

9. A and B. Palm-oil Pots, Yambina.

C. Pot containing Cami-wood and Olives, Articles of an Aruwimi Native's Toilet; carried over the shoulder.

D. Basket used for sifting Manioc Flour, &c.

E. Bark-box used for preserving Manioc Flour, &c.

F. Basket for Provisions.

10. Stanley Falls.

11. Native of the Aruwimi Country.

12. Houses in rows: Five hours' march to Stanley Falls.

13. Itimba.

14. Houses of Tippo Tib, Stanley Falls.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CAMP IN THE COMB.



warmth and sweetness filled my soul when I awoke, and I sat up with joy, until suddenly I remembered why we were here, and who were here with me. Then my heart sank like a lump of lead in water. I looked around. My father lay just as he had been lying all the day before, motionless, white of cheek, and as one dead, save for the slight motion of his chest and the twitching of his nostril. As I looked at him in the clear morning light, it was borne in upon me very strongly that he was indeed dead, inasmuch as his soul seemed to have fled. He saw nothing, he felt nothing. If the flies crawled over his eyelids he made no sign of disturbance; yet he breathed, and from time to time he murmured—but as one that dreameth. Beside him lay my mother sleeping, worn out by the fatigues of the night. Barnaby had spread his coat to cover her so that she should not take cold, and he had piled a little heap of dead leaves to make her a pillow. He was lying at her feet, head on arm, sleeping heavily. What should be done, I wondered, when next he woke?

First I went down the comb a little way till the stream was deep enough, and there I bathed my feet, which were swollen and bruised by the long walk up the comb. Though it was in the midst of so much misery, there was a pleasure of dabbling my feet in the cool water and afterwards of walking about barefoot in the grass. I disturbed an adder which was sleeping on a flat stone in the sun, and it lifted its venomous head and hissed, but did not spring upon me. Then I washed my face and hands and made my hair as smooth as without a comb it was possible. When I had done this I remembered that perhaps my father might be thirsty, or, at least, able to drink, though he seemed no more to feel hunger or thirst. So I filled the tin pannikin—it was Barnaby's—with water and tried to pour a little into his mouth. He seemed to swallow it, and I gave him a little more until he would swallow no more. Observe that he took no other nourishment than a little water, wine, or milk, or a few drops of broth, until the end. So I covered his face with a handkerchief to keep off the flies, and left him. Then I looked into the basket. All that there was in it would not be more than enough for Barnaby's breakfast, unless his appetite should fail him by reason of fear; though, in truth, he had no fear of being captured, or of anything else. There was in it a piece of bacon, a large loaf of bread, a lump of cheese, a bottle of cider; nothing more. When these provisions were gone, what next? Could we venture into the nearest village and buy food, or to the first farm-house? Then we might fall straight into the jaws of the enemy, who were probably running over the whole country in search of the fugitives. Could we buy without money? Could we beg without arousing suspicions? If the people were well-inclined to the Protestant cause we might trust them. But how could we tell that? So in my mind I turned over everything except the one thing which might have proved our salvation, and that you shall hear directly. Also, which was a very strange thing, I quite forgot that I had upon me, tied by a string round my waist and well concealed, Barnaby's bag of gold—two hundred and fifty pieces. Thus there was money enough and to spare. I discovered, next, that our pony had run away in the night. The cart was there, but no pony to drag it. Well, it was not much; but it seemed an additional burden to bear. I ventured a little way up the valley, following a sheep-track which mounted higher and higher. I saw no sign anywhere of man's presence; that, I take it, is marked in woods by circles of burnt cinders, by trees felled, by bundles of broom or fern tied up, or by shepherds' huts. Here there was nothing at all; you would have said that the place had never been visited by man. Presently I came to a place where the woods ceased, the last of the trees being much stunted and blown over from the west; and then the top of the hill began, not a sharp pico or point, but a great open plain, flat, or swelling out here and there with many of the little hillocks which people say are ancient tombs. And no trees at all, but only bare turf, so that one could see a great way off. But there was no sign of man anywhere: no smoke in the comb at my feet; no shepherd on the hill. At this juncture of our fortunes any stranger might be an enemy; therefore I returned, but so far well pleased.

Barnaby was now awake, and was inspecting the basket of provisions.

"Sister," he said, "we must go upon half rations for breakfast; but I hope, unless my skill fails, to bring you something better for supper. The bread you shall have, and mother. The bacon may keep till to-morrow. The cider you had better keep against such times as you feel worn out and want a cordial, though a glass of Nantz were better, if Nantz grew in the woods." He looked around as if to see whether a miracle would not provide him with a flask of strong drink, but, seeing none, shook his head.

"As for me," he went on, "I am a sailor, and I understand how to forage. Therefore, yesterday, foreseeing that the provisions might give out, I dropped the shank of the ham into my pocket. Now you shall see."

He produced this delicate morsel, and, sitting down, began to gnaw and to bite into the bone with his strong teeth, exactly like a dog. This he continued, with every sign of satisfaction, for a quarter of an hour or so, when he desisted, and replaced the bone in his pocket.

"We throw away the bones," he said. "The dogs gnaw

them and devour them. Think you that it is for their amusement? Not so; but for the juices and the nourishment that are in and around the bone; for the marrow and for the meat that still will stick in odd corners." He went down to the stream with the pannikin and drank a cup or two of water to finish what they call a horse's meal—namely, the food first and the water afterwards.

"And now," he added, "I have breakfasted. It is true that I am still hungry, but I have eaten enough to carry me on for a while. Many a poor lad cast away on a desert shore would find the shank of a ham a meal fit for a king; aye, and a meal or two after that. I shall make a dinner presently off this bone; and I shall still keep it against a time when there may be no provision left."

Then he looked about him, shading his eyes with his hand. "Let us consider," he said. "The troopers, I take it, are riding along the roads. Whether they will ride over these hills, I know not; but I think they will not, because their horses cannot well get up these combs. Certainly, if they do, it will not be by the way we came. We are here, therefore, hidden away snug. Why should we budge? Nowhere is there a more deserted part of the country than Black Down, on whose side we are. And I do not think, further, that we should find anywhere a safer place to hide ourselves in than this comb, where, I dare to say, no one comes, unless it be the gypsies or the broom-squires, all the year round. And now they are all laden with the spoil of the army—for, after a battle, this gentry swoop down upon the field like the great birds which I have seen abroad upon the carcasses of drowned beasts, and plunder the dead. Next they must go into town in order to sell their booty; then they will be fain to drink about till all is spent; so they will leave us undisturbed. Therefore, we will stay here, Sister. First, I will go try the old tricks by which I did often in the old time improve the fare at home. Next, I will devise some way of making a more comfortable resting-place. Thank the Lord for fine weather, so far!"

He was gone a couple of hours. During that time my mother awoke. Her mind was broken by the suddenness of this trouble, and she cared no more to speak, sitting still by the side of her husband, and watching for any change in him. But I persuaded her to take a little bread and a cup of cider.

When Barnaby came back, he brought with him a blackbird, a thrush, and two wood-pigeons. He had not forgotten the tricks of his boyhood, when he would often bring home a rabbit, a hare, or a basket of trout. So that my chief terror, that we might be forced to abandon our hiding-place through sheer hunger, was removed. But Barnaby was full of all kinds of devices.

He then set to work with his great knife, cutting down a quantity of green branches, which he laid out side by side, with their leaves on, and then bound them together, cleverly interlacing the smaller shoots and branches with each other, so that he made a long kind of hurdle, about six feet high. This, which by reason of the leaves was almost impervious to the wind, he disposed round the trunks of three young trees growing near each other. Thus he made a small three-cornered inclosure. Again, he cut other and thicker branches, and laid them over and across this hurdle, and cut turf which he placed upon the branches, so that here was now a hut with a roof and walls complete. Said I not that Barnaby was full of devices?

"There," he said, when all was ready, "is a house for you. It will have to rain hard and long before the water begins to drop through the branches which make the roof and the slabs of turf. Well, 't is a shelter. Not so comfortable as the old cottage, perhaps, but nearly as commodious. If it is not a palace, it will serve us to keep off the sun by day and the dew by night."

Next he gathered a great quantity of dry fern, dead leaves, and heather, and these he disposed within the hut, so that they made a thick and warm carpet or covering. Nay, at night they even formed a covering for the feet and prevented one from feeling cold. When all was done, he lifted my father gently and laid him with great tenderness upon this carpet within the rude shelter.

"This shall be a warmer night for thee than the last, Dad," he said. "There shall be no jolting of thy poor bones. What, mother? We can live here till the cold weather comes. The wind will perhaps blow a bit through the leaves to-night, but not much, and to-morrow I will see to that. Be easy in your mind about the provisions"—Alas! my poor mother was thinking of anything in the world except the provisions—"There are rabbits and birds in plenty; we can catch them and eat them; bread we must do without when what we have is gone, and as for strong drink and tobacco"—he sighed heavily—"they will come again when better times are served out."

In these labours I helped as much as I was able, and particularly in twisting the branches together. And thus the whole day passed, not tediously, and without any alarms, the labour being cheered by the hopefulness of Barnaby's honest face. No one, to look at that face, could believe that he was flying for his life, and would be hanged if he was caught. After sunset we lit a fire, but a small one only, and well hidden by the woods, so that its light might not be seen from below. Then Barnaby dexterously plucked and trussed the birds and roasted them in the embers, so that had my heart been at rest I should have had a most delicious supper. And I confess that I did begin to pluck up a little courage, and to hope that we might yet escape, and that Robin might be living. After supper my mother prayed, and I could join with more of resignation and something of faith. "Alas! in times of trial how easily doth the Christian fall from faith!" The day before, prayer seemed to me a mockery; it was as if all prayer were addressed to a deaf God, or to One who will not hear; for our prayers had all been for safety and victory, and we were suddenly answered with disaster and defeat.

After supper, Barnaby sat beside the embers and began to talk in a low voice.

"'Twill be a sorrowful barley-mow song this year," he said: "a dozen brave lads from Bradford alone will be dead."

"Not all dead, Barnaby! Oh! not all!"

"I know not. Some are prisoners, some are dead, some are running away." Then he began to sing in a low voice,

"Here's a health to the barley-mow—

I remember, Sister, when I would run a mile to hear that song, though my father flogged me for it in the morning. 'Tis the best song ever written." He went on singing in a kind of whisper—

"We'll drink it out of the nipperkin, boys—

Robin—poor Robin! he is dead!—was a famous hand at singing it; but Humphrey found the words too rustic. Humphrey—who is now dead, too!—was ever for fine words, like Mr. Boscobel.

We'll drink it out of the jolly brown bowl—

"I think I see him now—poor Robin! Well; he is no more. He used to laugh in all our faces while he sang it:—

Here's a health to the barley-mow!

The river, the well, the pipe, the hogshead, the half-

Hogshead, the anker, the half-anker, the gallon, the

Pottle, the quart, the pint, the half-pint, the quarter-

Pint, the nipperkin, the jolly brown bowl, my boys,

Here's a health to the barley-mow!"

He trolled out the song in a melodious whisper. Oh! Barnaby, how didst thou love good companionship with singing and drinking!

"'Twill be lonely for thee, Sister, at Bradford when thou dost return; Sir Christopher, I take it, will not long hold up his head, and Madam will pine away for the loss of Robin, and mother looks as if she would follow after, so white and wan is she. If she would speak or complain or cry it would comfort her, poor soul! 'Twas a sad day for her when she married the poor old Dad. Poverty and hard work, and now a cruel end—poor mother!"

"Barnaby, you tear my heart!"

"Nay, Child, 'tis better to talk than to keep silence. Better have your heart torn than be choked with your pain. Thou art like unto a man who hath a wounded leg, and if he doth not consent to have it cut off, though the anguish be sharp, he will presently bleed to death. Say to thyself therefore, plain and clear, 'Robin is dead; I have lost my sweetheart."

"No—Barnaby—I cannot say those cruel words! Oh! I cannot say them; I cannot feel that Robin is truly dead!"

"Put the case that he is living. Then he is either a prisoner or he is in hiding. If a prisoner, he is as good as dead: because the Duke's officers and the gentlemen who joined him, they will never forgive—that is quite certain. If he is not a prisoner, where is he to hide?—whether betake himself? I can get sailors' duds and go abroad before the mast; and ten to one nobody will find me out, because, d'ye see, I can talk the sailors' language, and I know their manners and customs. But, Robin—what is Robin to do, if he is alive? And this, I say, is doubtful. Best say to thyself, 'I have lost my sweetheart.' So wilt thou all the sooner recover thy cheerfulness."

"Barnaby, you know not what you say! Alas! if my Robin is dead—if my boy is truly dead—then I ask for nothing more than swift death—speedy death—to join him and be with him!"

"If he escape he will make for Bradford Orcas and hide in the Corton woods. That is quite certain. They always make for home. I would that we were in that friendly place, so that you could go live in the cottage and bring provisions, with tobacco and drink, to us unsuspected and unseen. When we have rested here a while we will push across the hills and try to get there by night; but it is a weary way to drag that wounded man. However"—he broke off and said earnestly—"make up thy mind, Child, to the worst. 'Tis as if a shipwrecked man should hope that enough of the ship would float to carry him home withal. Make up thy mind. We are all ruined and lost—all—all—all. Thy father is dying—thy lover is dead—thou art thyself in great danger by reason of that affair at Taunton. Everything being gone, turn round therefore and make thyself as comfortable as possible. What will happen we know not. Therefore count every day of safety for gain, and every meal for a respite."

He was silent for a while, leaving me to think over what he had said. Here, indeed, was a philosopher. Things being all lost, and our affairs in a desperate condition, we were to turn round and make ourselves as comfortable as we could! This, I suppose, is what sailors are wont to do; certainly they are a folk more exposed to misfortune than others, and therefore, perhaps, more ready to make the best of whatever happens.

"Barnaby," I said presently, "how can I turn round and make myself comfortable?"

"The evening is still," he said, without replying. "See, there is a bat, and there another. If it were not for the trouble in there"—he pointed to the hut—"I should be easy in my mind and contented. I could willingly live here a twelvemonth. Why, compared with the lot of the poor devils who must now be in prison, what is ours? They get the foul and stinking Clink, with bad food, in the midst of wounded men whose hurts are putrefying, with jail fever, and with the whipping-post or the gallows to come. We breathe sweet air, we find sufficient food—to-morrow, if I know any of the signs, thou shalt taste a roasted hedgehog, dish fit for a king! I found at the bottom of the comb a pot left by some gypsies: thou shalt have boiled sorrel and mushrooms to thy supper. If we stay here long enough there will be nuts and blackberries and whortleberries. Pity, a thousand pities, there is not a drop of drink! I dream of punch and hips. Think upon what remains, even if thou canst not bear to think of what is lost. Hast ever seen a tall ship founder in the waves? They close over her as she sinks, and, in an instant, it is as if that tall ship with all her crew had never been in existence at all. The army of Monmouth is scattered and ruined. Well; it is, with us, amidst these woods, just as if there had been no army. It has been a dream perhaps. Who can tell? Sometimes all the past seems to have been a dream. It is all a dream—past and future. There is no past and there is no future: all is a dream. But the present we have. Let us be content therewith."

He spoke slowly and with measured accents, as one enchanted. Sometimes Barnaby was but a rough and rude sailor. At other times, as these, he betrayed signs of his early education and spoke as one who thought.

"It is ten years and more since last I breathed the air of the hills. I knew not that I loved so much the woods and valleys and the streams. Some day, if I survive this adventure, I will build me a hut and live here alone in the woods. Why, if I were alone I should have an easy heart. If I were driven out of one place I could find another. I am in no hurry to get down among men and towns. Let us all stay here and be happy. But there is Dad—who lives not, yet is not dead. Sister, be thankful for thy safety in the woods, and think not too much upon the dead."

We lived in this manner, the weather being for the most part fine and warm, but with showers now and then, for a fortnight or thereabouts, no one coming up the comb and there being still no sign of man's presence in the hills. Our daily fare consisted of the wild birds snared by Barnaby, such creatures as rabbits, hedgehogs, and the like, which he caught by ingenious ways, and trout from the brook, which he caught with a twisted pin or by tickling them with his hand. There were also mushrooms and edible leaves, such as the nettle, wild sorrel, and the like, of which he knew. These we boiled and ate. He also plucked the half-ripe blackberries and boiled them to make a sour drink, and one which, like the cider loved by our people, would grip his throat, because he could not endure plain cold water. And he made out of the bones of the birds a kind of thin broth for my father, of which he daily swallowed a teaspoonful or so. So that we fared well, if not sumptuously. The bread, to be sure, which Barnaby left for mother and me, was coming to the last crust, and I know not how we should have got more without venturing into the nearest village.

Now, as I talked every night with my brother, I found out what a brave and simple soul it was—always cheerful and hopeful, talking always as if we were the most fortunate people in the world, instead of the most miserable, and yet, by keeping the truth before me, preventing me from getting into another Fool's Paradise as to our safety and Robin's escape such as that into which I had fallen after the army marched out



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

"Boys," I said, "beware! If you go higher up the comb you will certainly meet wild men, who always rob and beat boys."

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

of Taunton. I understand now, that he was always thinking how to smooth and soften things for us, so that we might not be distracted with anxiety and grief; finding work for me, talking about other things—in short, the most thoughtful and affectionate brother in all the world. As for my mother, he could do nothing to move her. She still sat beside her wounded husband, watching all day long for any sign of consciousness or change.

Seeing that Barnaby was so good and gentle a creature, I could not understand how it was that in the old days he used to get a flogging most days for some offence or other, so that I had grown up to believe him a very wicked boy indeed. I put this question to him one night.

He put it aside for a while, replying in his own fashion.

"I remember Dad," he said, "before thou canst, Sister. He was always thin and tall, and he always stooped as he walked. But his hair, which now is white, was brown, and fell in curls which he could not straighten. He was always mighty grave; no one, I am sure, ever saw him laugh; I have never seen him so much as smile, except sometimes when he dandled thee upon his knee, and thou wouldest amuse him with innocent prattle. All his life he hath spent in finding out the way to Heaven. He did find the way—I suppose he hath truly discovered it—and a mighty thorny and difficult way it is, so that I know not how any can succeed in reaching port by such navigation. The devil of it is, that he believes there is no other way; and he seemed never so happy as when he had found another trap or pitfall to catch the unwary, and send them straight to hell."

"For my part," Barnaby went on slowly, "I could never love such a life. Let others, if they will, find out rough and craggy ways that lead to heaven. For my part, I am content to jog along the plain and smooth high-road with the rest of mankind, though it brings us in the end to a lower place, inhabited by the baser sort. Well, I dare say I shall find mates there, and we will certainly make ourselves as comfortable as the place allows. Let my father, therefore, find out what awaits him in the other world; let me take what comes in this. Some of it is sweet and some is bitter; some of it makes us laugh and sing and dance; and some makes us curse and swear and bellow out, as when one is lashed to the hatches and the cat falls on his naked back. Sometimes, Sister, I think the naked negroes of the Guinea Coast the happiest people in the world. Do they trouble their heads about the way to heaven? Not they. What comes they take, and they ask no more. Has it made Dad the happier to find out how few are those who will sit beside him when he hath his harp and crown? Not so. He would have been happier if he had been a jolly ploughboy whistling to his team, or a jolly sailor singing over his pannikin of drink of a Saturday night. He tried to make me follow in his footsteps; he flogged me daily in the hope of making me take, like himself, to the trade of proving out of the Holy Bible that most people are surely damned. The more he flogged, the less I learned after that trade; till at last I resolved that, come what would, I would never thump a pulpit like him in conventicle or church. Then, if you will believe me, Sister, I grew tired of flogging, which, when it comes every day, wearies a boy at fourteen or fifteen more than you would think. Now, one day, while I was dancing to the pipe and tabor with some of the village girls, as bad luck would have it, Dad came by. 'Child of Satan!' he roared, seizing me by the ear, which I verily thought he would have pulled off. Then to the girls, 'Your laughter shall be turned into mourning,' and so lugged me home and sent me supperless to bed, with the promise of such a flogging in the morning as should make all previous floggings seem mere fleabites or joyous ticklings in comparison. This decided me. So in the dead of night I crept softly down the stairs, cut myself a great hunch of bread and cheese, and ran away and went to sea."

"Barnaby, was it well done—to run away?"

"Well, Sister, 'tis done; and if it was ill done, 'tis by this time, no doubt, forgotten. Now, remember, I blame not my father. Before all things he would save my soul alive. That was why he flogged me. He knew but one way, and along that way he would drive me. So he flogged me the harder. I blame him not. Yet had I remained he would doubtless be flogging me still. Now, remember again, that ever since I understood anything I have always been enraged to think upon the monstrous oppression which silenced him and brought us all to poverty, and made my mother, a gentlewoman born, work her fingers to the bone, and caused me to choose between being a beggarly scholar, driven to teach brats and endure flouts and poverty, or to put on an apron and learn a trade. Wherefore, when I found that Monmouth was going to hoist his flag, I came with him in order to strike a blow, and I hoped a good blow, too, at the oppressors."

"You have struck that blow, Barnaby, and where are we?"

He laughed.

"We are in hiding. Some of the King's troopers did I make to bite the dust. They may hang me for it, if they will. They will not bring those troopers back to life. Well—Sister, I am sleepy. Good-night!"

We might have continued this kind of life I know not how much longer. Certainly, till the cold nights came. The weather continued fine and warm; the hut kept off dews at night; we lay warm among the heather and the ferns; Barnaby found a sufficiency of food; my father grew no worse to outward seeming; and we seemed in safety.

Then an ill chance and my own foolishness marred all.

One day, in the afternoon, Barnaby being away looking after his snares and gins, I heard, lower down the comb, voices as of boys talking. This affrighted me terribly. The voices seemed to be drawing nearer. Now, if the children came up as high as our encampment, they could not fail to see the signs of habitation. There was the hut among the trees and the iron pot standing among the grey embers of last night's fire. The cart stood on one side. We could not possibly remain hidden. If they should come up so far and find us, they would certainly carry the report of us down to the village.

I considered, therefore, what to do, and then ran quickly down the comb, keeping among the trees so as not to be seen.

After a little I discovered, a little way off, a couple of boys about nine years of age. They were common village boys, rosy-faced and wholesome; they carried a basket, and they were slowly making their way up the stream, stopping now to throw a stone at a squirrel, and now to dam the running water, and now to find a nut or filbert ripe enough to be eaten. By the basket which they carried I knew that they were come in search of whortleberries, for which purpose they would have to get quite to the end of the comb and the top of the hill.

Therefore, I stepped out of the wood and asked them whence they came and whither they were going.

They told me in plain Somersetshire (the language which I love, and would willingly have written this book in it, but for the unfortunate people who cannot understand it) that they were sent by their parents to get whortleberries, and that they came from the little village of Corfe, two miles down the valley. This was all they had to say, and they stared at me as shyly as if they had never before encountered a stranger. I clearly perceive now that I ought to have engaged them in conversation and drawn them gently down the valley in the direction of their village until we reached the first appearance of a road, when I could have bidden them farewell or sent them up the hill by another comb. But I was so anxious that

they should not come up any higher than I committed a great mistake, and warned them against going on.

"Boys," I said, "beware! If you go higher up the comb you will certainly meet wild men, who always rob and beat boys"; here they trembled, though they had not a penny in the world. "Ay, boys!" and sometimes have been known to murder them. Turn back—turn back—and come no farther."

The boys were very much frightened, partly at the apparition of a stranger where they expected to find no one, and partly at the news of wild and murderous men in a place where they had never met with anyone at all, unless it might have been a gipsy camp. After gazing at me stupidly for a little while they turned and ran away, as fast as their legs could carry them, down the comb.

I watched them running, and when they were out of sight I went back again, still disquieted, because they might return.

When I told Barnaby in the evening, he, too, was uneasy. For, he said, the boys would spread abroad the report that there were people in the valley. What people could there be but fugitives?

"Sister," he said, "to-morrow morning must we change our quarters. On the other side of the hills looking south, or to the east in Neroche Forest, we may make another camp, and be still more secluded. For to-night I think we are in safety."

What happened was exactly as Barnaby thought. For the lads ran home and told everybody that up in the comb there were wild men who robbed and murdered people; that a lady had come out of the wood and warned them to go no further, lest they should be robbed and murdered. They were certain it was a lady, and not a country-woman; nor was it a witch; nor a fairy or elf, of whom there are many on Black Down. No; it was a lady.

This strange circumstance set the villagers a talking; they talked about it at the inn, whither they nightly repaired.

In ordinary times they might have talked about it to their hearts' content and no harm done; but in these times talk was dangerous. In every little village there are one or two whose wits are sharper than the rest, and, therefore, they do instigate whatever mischief is done in that village. At Corfe, the cobbler it was who did the mischief. For he sat thinking while the others talked, and he presently began to understand that there was more in this than his fellows imagined. He knew the hills; there were no wild men upon them who would rob and murder two simple village boys. Gipsies there were, and broom-squires sometimes, and hedge-teasers; but murderers of boys—none. And who was this gentlewoman? Then he guessed the whole truth: there were people lying hidden in the comb; if people hidden, they were Monmouth's rebels. A reward would be given for their capture. Fired with this thought he grasped his cudgel and walked off to the village of Orchard Portman, where, as he had heard, there was lying a company of Grenadiers sent out to scour the country. He laid his information, and received the promise of reward. He got that reward, in short; but nothing prospered with him afterwards. His neighbours, who were all for Monmouth, learned what he had done, and shunned him. He grew moody; he fell into poverty, who had been a thriving tradesman; and he died in a ditch. The judgments of the Lord are sometimes swift and sometimes slow, yet they are always sure. Who can forget the dreadful end of Tom Boilman, as he was called, the only wretch who could be found to cut up the limbs of the hanged men and dip them in the cauldrons of pitch? For he was struck dead by lightning—an awful instance of the wrath of God!

Early next morning, about five of the clock, I sat before the hut in the shade. Barnaby was up and had gone to look at his snares. Suddenly I heard steps below, and the sound as of weapons clashing against each other. Then a man came into sight—a fellow he was with a leathern apron, who stood gazing about him. There was no time for me to hide, because he immediately saw me and shouted to them behind to come on quickly. Then a dozen soldiers, all armed, ran out of the wood and made for the hut.

"Gentlemen," I cried, running to meet them, "whom seek you?"

"Who are you?" asked one, who seemed to be a Sergeant over them. "Why are you in hiding?"

Then a thought struck me. I know not if I was wise or foolish.

"Sir," I replied, "my father, it is true, was with the Duke of Monmouth. But he was wounded, and now lies dead in this hut. You will suffer us to bury our dead in peace."

"Dead, is he? That will we soon see."

So saying, he entered the hut and looked at the prostrate form. He lifted one hand and let it drop. It fell like the hand of one who is recently dead. He bent over the body and laid his hand upon the forehead. It was cold as death. The lips were pale as wax, and the cheeks were white. He opened an eye: there was no expression or light in it.

"Humph!" he said; "he seems dead. How did he come here?"

"My mother and I drove him here for safety in yonder cart. The pony hath run away."

"That may be so; that may be so. He is dressed in a cassock: what is his name?"

"He was Dr. Comfort Eykin, an ejected minister and preacher in the Duke's army."

"A prize, if he had been alive!" Then a sudden suspicion seized him. He had in his hand a drawn sword. He pointed it at the breast of the dead man. "If he be truly dead," he said, "another wound will do him no harm. Wherefore"—he made as if he would drive the sword through my father's breast, and my mother shrieked and threw herself across the body.

"So!" he said, with a horrid grin, "I find that he is not dead, but only wounded. My lads, here is one of Monmouth's preachers; but he is sore wounded."

"Oh!" I cried, "for the love of God suffer him to die in peace!"

"Ay, ay, he shall die in peace, I promise you so much. Meanwhile, Madam, we will take better care of him in Ilminster Jail than you can do here. The air is raw upon these hills." The fellow had a glib tongue and a mocking manner. "You have none of the comforts which a wounded man requires. They are all to be found in Ilminster prison, whither we shall carry him. There will he have nothing to think about, with everything found for him. Madam, your father will be well bestowed with us."

At that moment I heard the footsteps of Barnaby crunching among the brushwood.

"Fly! Barnaby, fly!" I shrieked. "The enemy is upon us!"

He did not fly. He came running. He rushed upon the soldiers and hurled this man one way and that man another, swinging his long arms like a pair of cudgels. Had he had a cudgel I believe he would have sent them all flying. But he had nothing except his arms and his fists; and in a minute or two the soldiers had surrounded him, each with a bayonet pointed, and such a look in every man's eye as meant murder had Barnaby moved.

"Surrender!" said the Sergeant.

Barnaby looked around leisurely.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I must. As for my name, it is Barnaby Eykin; and for my rank, I was Captain in the Green Regiment of the Duke's valiant army."

"Stop!" said the Sergeant, drawing a paper from his pocket.

"Captain Eykin," he began to read, "has been a sailor. Rolls in his walk; height, about five foot five; very broad in the shoulders; long in the arms; of great strength."

"That is so," said Barnaby, complacently.

"Bandy legs."

"Brother," said Barnaby, "is that so writ?"

"It is so, Captain."

"I did not think," said Barnaby, "that the malignity of the enemy would be carried so far. Bandy legs! Yet you see—well—fall in, Sergeant; we are your prisoners. Bandy legs!"

(To be continued.)

CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

D. OF W. M.	ANNIVERSARIES, FESTIVALS, OCCURRENCES, HISTORICAL NOTES, ETC.	RUN.				MOON.				DURATION OF MOONLIGHT.				HIGH WATER AT						
		Rises.	Souths before Noon.	Sets.	Rises.	Morn.	Sets After.	Before Sunrise.	Moon Age.	After Sunset.	London	Bridge.	Liverpool Dock.	Day of Year.						
								O'Clock.	6	O'Clock.				Morn.	After.	H. M.	H. M.			
1 M	Cambridge Michaelmas Term begins	6	2	10 33	5 36	0 26	4 7		25							10 2	10 43	6 40	7 27	275
2 Tu	Admiral Keppel died, 1786	6	4	10 52	5 34	1 36	4 38		26							11 20	11 52	8 8	8 45	276
3 W	Treaty of Limerick, 1691	6	6	11 10	5 31	2 52	5 4		27							—	0 19	9 17	9 44	277
4 Th	First English Bible printed, 1533	6	8	11 28	5 29	4 11	5 30		28							0 41	1 3	10 6	10 28	278
5 F	John Sheepshanks died, 1863	6	10	11 46	5 26	5 32	5 53									1 25	1 46	10 50	11 11	279
6 S	Louis Philippe born, 1773	6	12	12 3	5 24	6 55	6 18		1							2 4	2 21	11 29	11 49	280
7 S	19TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	6	13	12 20	5 22	8 19	6 45		2							2 43	3 3	—	0 8	281
8 M	Battle of Torres Vedras, 1810	6	15	12 36	5 19	9 44	7 17		3							3 24	3 45	0 28	0 49	282
9 Tu	Dr. A. Kippis died, 1793	6	17	12 52	5 17	11 4	7 56		4							4 7	4 28	1 10	1 32	283
10 W	Oxford Michaelmas Term begins	6	18	13 8	5 15	After.	8 42		5							4 49				

MUSIC.

London music has been well sustained by Mr. W. Freeman Thomas's attractive Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre, the seventh season of which has been running a very successful career since the opening night on Aug. 11. The programmes of each night have offered abundant materials for the gratification of all varieties of tastes; while the special classical nights—on Wednesdays—are devoted, in the first portion, to music of a more serious tone than that of which the second part of the concert consists. Many of our leading vocalists and several skilful instrumentalists have contributed brilliant solo performances, and Mr. Gwyllim Crowe has continued to fulfil the office of conductor with care and efficiency. His "Rose Queen Waltz," with its effective choral adjuncts (supplied by Mr. Stedman's juvenile choristers), has continued to maintain the success obtained on the opening night, already recorded. As we have previously announced, the concerts will soon close, and will be followed by a series of Italian operatic performances under the direction of Signor Lamperti. These will last until early in November, when the theatre will be required for the preparations necessary for the Christmas pantomime to be produced by Mr. Freeman Thomas.

The renowned Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace will enter on their thirty-third season on Oct. 13, again under the conductorship of Mr. August Manns. Ten concerts will be given before Christmas, and ten afterwards; followed by the benefit concert of Mr. Manns on April 20. During the series, several interesting novelties will be produced, besides important works of established celebrity; and vocal and instrumental soloists will contribute to the programmes.

The Liverpool Philharmonic Society will enter on its fiftieth season on Tuesday, Oct. 2, when the first of a series of twelve concerts will be given, conducted by Sir Charles Hallé, with the co-operation of his fine orchestra. Many important works (some given for the first time at these concerts) will be included in the programmes. Eminent solo vocalists are engaged, and pianoforte concertos will be contributed by Miss Fanny Davies and Sir Charles Hallé, and violin solos by Madame Norman-Néruda (Lady Hallé), Miss M. Soldat, and Herr Ondricek.

The Russian National Opera Company will give six concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, beginning on Oct. 8. A numerous chorus will perform selections from national operas and other Russian compositions, and forty-eight pianists are to play on twenty-four pianofortes. Notwithstanding some past performances of Russian music in this country so little is still known here of the compositions of that nationality that the forthcoming performances can scarcely fail to prove highly interesting.

Signor Tito Ricordi, the eminent music-publisher of Milan, recently died at an advanced age. He was the son of the founder of the firm, Giovanni Ricordi, by whom and his successor the establishment was raised to a height of great importance and prosperity, their almost innumerable publications comprising a large number of popular and classical operas.

Another recent death of a musical celebrity was that of Mrs. Seguin, formerly Miss Childe, a pupil of our Royal Academy of Music, who married Mr. Edward Seguin, a basso, who gained deserved distinction both as an operatic and a concert vocalist. His wife also obtained much success in both those capacities.

BALDWIN'S BALLOON AND PARACHUTE.

On Thursday, Sept. 13, Professor Baldwin, the daring American aeronaut, whose balloon and parachute performances have attracted much attention, took his benefit at the Alexandra Palace. Mr. H. W. Hayward, the general manager of the Alexandra Palace and Park Company, had arranged a very attractive programme; but the chief entertainment was, of course, Professor Baldwin's wonderful feat of ascending to an immense height by means of a balloon and then descending with his patent parachute. The ascent was made with a new balloon containing about 12,000 ft. of gas, the parachute being the same one that Mr. Baldwin has always used at the palace, with the addition of a sail, though this he did not use. The arrangement was that the aeronaut should ascend to an altitude of two miles before leaving the balloon with his parachute, and that he should then demonstrate his power of steering the parachute by landing at a point to be decided on beforehand by the committee of the Balloon Society; but these details were not fully carried out, though Professor Baldwin accomplished sufficient to show the remarkable capabilities of his invention and to beat the record in parachute performances. The ascent was made from the north park. A sharp wind was blowing at the time, but Professor Baldwin went up, as usual, in his shirt sleeves and without a hat, sitting on a rope attached to the ring which takes the place of a car on the balloon when used by him. He was assisted by Mr. Farini in arranging the balloon. The parachute was hanging from the network of the balloon as he ascended amid the cheers of the spectators. The balloon speedily reached an altitude of between 6000 ft. and 7000 ft., as shown by a self-recording aneroid barometer specially made for and presented to Professor Baldwin by Messrs. Dollond and Co. When at that height Mr. Baldwin found that the gas was escaping from the balloon with such force, owing to the network not being large enough, that he gave up the idea of completing a two miles' ascent, and thereupon dropped away from it with his parachute, in full view of the thousands of spectators in the palace grounds and on the surrounding points of vantage. The balloon went some distance higher in the air and then collapsed. Meanwhile the aeronaut, travelling in a westerly direction, was gracefully descending with his parachute at an angle which made his descent much longer, and landed in Coldfall-wood, Muswell-hill, about a mile and a half from the spot where he started. Subsequently Professor Baldwin appeared on the stage in the central hall of the palace, where he was greeted with popular acclamation.

The foundation-stones of a memorial chapel to John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, were laid on Sept. 20, at Epworth, his birthplace. Several prominent members of the Wesleyan body took part in the proceedings.

A meeting of the Court of Common Council was held at Guildhall on Sept. 20, the Lord Mayor presiding, when a contract was sealed between the Corporation and Mr. W. Webster for the construction of the southern approach to the Tower Bridge for £38,383.

The annual congress of the homoeopathic practitioners of the kingdom was held, on Sept. 20, at the Medical Institute, Birmingham, Mr. Dyce Brown (London) presiding. Papers were read by Mr. Gibbs Blake, Dr. Compton Burnett, and Dr. Walter T. P. Wolston. After the luncheon it was decided that the conference of next year should be held at Tunbridge Wells. Dr. Blackley was appointed president for the ensuing year, and Dr. Pope vice-president.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.
G. W. (Lisburn).—The problem to which you refer was inaccurate, as we subsequently stated. The White Kt at K 3rd ought to be a Black one, and the solution given was subject to this alteration.
RUBY ROOK.—Your post-card has been duly forwarded.
ALPHA.—You must look at No. 2318 again, as your key move is wrong.
A. NEWMAN.—Your problem is easy, but correct, and shows point enough to justify publication.
L. DESANGES.—Problem shall appear if it stands test of examination.
J. AMYGDALIS.—We hope to publish your last problem shortly.
W. BIDDLE (Stratford).—The first problem is the better of the two, and it quite sound shall be published. The second has, at least, one very serious dual.
J. DIXON (Colchester).—We publish those most likely to interest the majority of our reader. Your criticism notwithstanding, we think the game a very fine one.
H. J. M. (Surbiton).—A new work on the openings is in the press, for which you had better wait if you want to be posted in them right up to date.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2315 received from J. W. Shaw (Montreal), E. St. John Crane, W. Evans (Bombay), and F. Rutter; of No. 2316 from John G. Grant, E. Bohmstedt, W. Evans, and W. Wright; of No. 2317 from E. Bohmstedt, W. Wright, and F. Rutter; of No. 2318 from Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), Rev. Winsted Cooper, E. E. P. James Sage (Bury St. Edmunds), E. St. John Crane, F. Rutter, W. R. Railem, and W. Wright.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2319 received from L. Desanges, D. McCoy, T. G. Ware, Peterhouse, R. H. Brooks, R. Worts (Canterbury), T. Roberts, Jupiter Junior, and A. Newman.

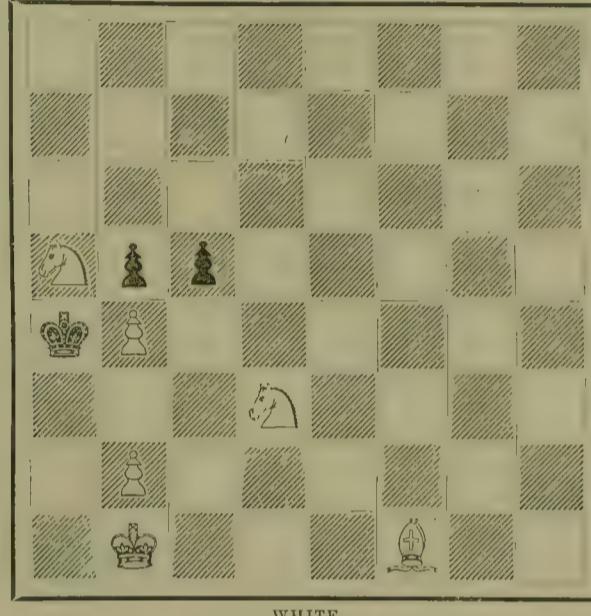
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2317.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to B 6th Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2321.

By A. NEWMAN.

BLACK.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in three moves.

BRITISH CHESS CONGRESS.

Game played between Mr. E. THOROLD and Herr M. WEISS.

(King's Bishop's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Herr W.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Herr W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
2. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	20. P to Kt 5th	
Kt to K B 3rd is now considered a better defence.		Threatening, amongst other things, it takes B, and if P takes R, Kt to B 6th, &c.	
3. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd	21. Q R to Kt sq	P takes P
4. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	22. Q to Q 3rd	P to K B 3rd
5. P to Q B 3rd	Castles	23. K to R 5th	K to R sq
6. B to K Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	Black's position is anything but an enviable one, and this hardly improves it.	
7. P to K R 4th		23. R to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 3rd
8. B takes Kt	P to Q 3rd	In order to advance the K P next move: a fruitless effort to escape the fate fast closing upon him.	
This is necessary, for Black can now capture the Bishop with impunity.		24. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to K 5th
9. Q takes B	P to R 3rd	25. Kt takes P	Q to K 4th
10. Kt to Q 2nd	P to R 3rd	26. Kt to Q 2nd	
11. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 3rd	Here the superiority of Kt over B in an end game is strikingly exemplified.	
12. Castles (Q R)	P to Kt 4th	27. Kt to B 3rd	Q to B 2nd
13. P takes B	B takes K	28.	
A good rejoinder, for it is obvious Black cannot take the Bishop without losing the game.		29. P to R 6th	K to Kt sq
14. P to B 4th	P takes P	30. R takes R P	P takes P
15. P takes P	B to K 3rd	31. R (Kt 2nd) to R B takes P	
Q to B 4th, to obtain for herself greater freedom of action, is certainly preferable.		2nd	
16. P to R 5th		32. Q to Q 3rd	P to K B 4th
A simple-looking move, but one that compels Black to regard the Queen.		33. Q to K 2nd	B to R 5th
17. Kt to B 4th	Kt to B 4th	34. Q to K 6th (ch)	Q to B 2nd
18. Kt to K 4th	Q to K 2nd	35. R to Kt 6th (ch),	
19. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to Q 5th	and wins.	

We have received from Mr. W. Morgan, jun., Book II. of "Morgan's Shilling Chess Library." It consists of a selection of games from the late British Chess Congress; neatly printed, and with an ample supply of illustrative diagrams. The compiler has taken some pains with the work, which will prove useful to anyone wishing to study the play of the various masters engaged at Bradford.

Now that the summer is over chess clubs are beginning work again. We have been asked to make the following announcements:

The Amethyst Chess Club has commenced its meetings at 110, Church-street, Stoke Newington. The members include some strong local players, and the programme comprises a tournament, matches with other clubs, and exhibition play. The secretary is Mr. Rix.

The Brixton Chess Club commences its meetings on Oct. 1, at the club-rooms, 322, Brixton-road, S.W.

The sixth session of the Exeter Hall Chess Club will commence on Oct. 2. Out of 182 games played in 24 matches last session, 121 were won, 21 drawn, and 40 lost, only 4 matches were lost.

In the City of London Club over one hundred members have already entered for the coming winter tournament. Among the strong players who are expected to take part in the contest are Messrs. Anger, Block, Chappell, Fenton, Gover, Heppell, Hook, Jacobs, Knight, Leonard, Loman, Mocatta, Ross, Taylor, Vyse, and Woon.

Mr. Loman, *en passant*, has won the chief prize in the annual tourney of the Dutch Chess Association. He had to compete against all their strongest players, and did not lose a single game.

The Atheneum Chess Club has just issued its annual report, from which we learn that the past year has been one of the most successful it has yet experienced. Out of 15 matches played by its first team only 1 was lost and 1 drawn, a score which gains the first place amongst Metropolitan local clubs. In all 171 games were contested, of which 86 were won, 40 drawn, and 45 were lost—figures which, as the report remarks, "speak for themselves." Among the prominent individual players are mentioned Mr. E. Gibbs, who only lost once in 9 matches, and Mr. G. L. Brooks, who, for the third year in succession, took the Bronze Medal for the highest score in the whole series of meetings. Much enterprise is shown in the management of the club, which meets on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, all the year round, at the Atheneum, Camden-road, N.W.

The Committee of the Royal Humane Society have had under consideration an unusually large number of cases of saving life, to a great extent due to the incidence of the summer bathing-season, and have found the degree of danger incurred in seven instances sufficient to justify the award of silver medals.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1879), with three codicils thereto, of John Elger, late of Lewes-crescent, Brighton, and Queen's-gate, London, who died on Aug. 12 last, has been proved in the Principal Registry by the testator's surviving executors, viz.:—his grandson, John Elger, of 23, Argyll-road, Kensington, and his nephew, Thomas G. E. Elger, of Kempston, near Bedford. An annuity of £5000 per annum, and legacy of £1000, with life and other interests in testator's town and country residences and effects in favour of his late wife, Catherine Elger, having lapsed by her recent death, he confirms the annuity of £2200 per annum to his daughter-in-law, Sarah Elizabeth Elger, widow of his only child, George Gwyn Elger, formerly of Lincoln's Inn and Bricklehampton Hall, near Pershore, J.P., in pursuance and satisfaction of the arrangement made with her after her husband's decease; and after bequests to executors, servants, and others, including £3000 to his niece, Catherine, wife of Thomas Cundy, the testator leaves freehold ground-rents in and near Rutland-gate and Ennismore-gardens, producing a present rental of about £2000 per annum, to his grandson, John Elger, in tail male, to whom he also gives £25,000 and a share of his residuary estate. The testator's Bedford estates he leaves to his nephew, Thomas G. E. Elger, to whom he also gives the sum of £2000; and the residue of his real and personal estate goes equally between his six grandchildren on attaining twenty-five, but with allowances for education and maintenance, at his executors' discretion, prior to attaining that age. The value of his personality is declared at £114,599.

The will (dated Aug. 25, 1887), with a codicil (dated May 22, 1888), of Mr. Thomas Tyrwhitt-Drake, J.P., D.L., late of No. 118, Eaton-square, and Shadloes, Amersham, Bucks, who died on July 24 last, was proved on Sept. 19, by Guy Perceval Tyrwhitt-Drake, the son, and William Frederick Hicks-Beach, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £81,000. He bequeaths £1000, his furniture and household effects at Eaton-square, his horses and carriages at Shadloes, and three racing cups, to his wife, Mrs. Dorothy Emma Tyrwhitt-Drake; the testimonial presented to him by the Oxfordshire Hunt, to his son, Thomas William Tyrwhitt-Drake; and a legacy of £100 to his man-servant. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his children (except his son Thomas William, who is well provided for) and grandchildren, they taking the share their parents would have taken if they had been alive.

The will (dated March 2, 1871), with a codicil (dated July 8, 1888), of Mr. Benjamin Worthy Horne, J.P., formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge, but late of Highlands, Mereworth, Kent, who died on July 17, was proved on Sept. 13 by Mrs. Emily Marion Horne, the widow, and the Rev. Edward Larkin Horne and Henry Percy Horne, the brothers, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. Subject to the bequest of £500 and his furniture, plate, glass, pictures, &c., to his wife, Mrs. Emily Marion Horne, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to her for life, or so long as she shall continue his widow; but in the event of her re-marriage, she is to receive an annuity of £400. On either of the above events taking place he leaves £1000 London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Stock, upon trust, to each of his nieces, Emily Mary Horne, Catherine Mary Horne, and Beatrice Ethel Horne, for life, with a power of appointment thereover, and the ultimate residue of his property between his issue in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 3, 1886) of Frederick William Docker, late of Scarsdale, The Avenue, Surbiton-hill, who died on Aug. 7 last, was proved on Sept. 13 by Frederick Charles Docker, Edwin Docker, and Alfred Docker, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths £400 per annum, and the use for life of his furniture, &c., to his wife, Mrs. Sophia Docker; and £500 each to his grandson, William Frederick Lloyd James, and grand-daughter, Mary Ellen James. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his four children, Mrs. Mary Anna Hobbs, Frederick Charles Docker, Edwin Docker, and Alfred Docker, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1875), with a codicil (dated April 21, 1884), of the Rev. Adam Henderson Fairbairn, formerly of Waltham St. Lawrence, near Twyford, Berks, but late of The Rectory, Fawley, Bucks, who died on July 21 last, was proved on Sept. 6 by the Rev. Thomas Archibald Fuller Maitland and the Rev. William Fairbairn La Trobe Bateman, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths £100 and his household furniture, horses, carriages, &c., to his wife, Mrs. Anna Gertrude Fairbairn, and legacies to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life, or so long as she shall remain his widow, and subject thereto between all his children in equal shares.

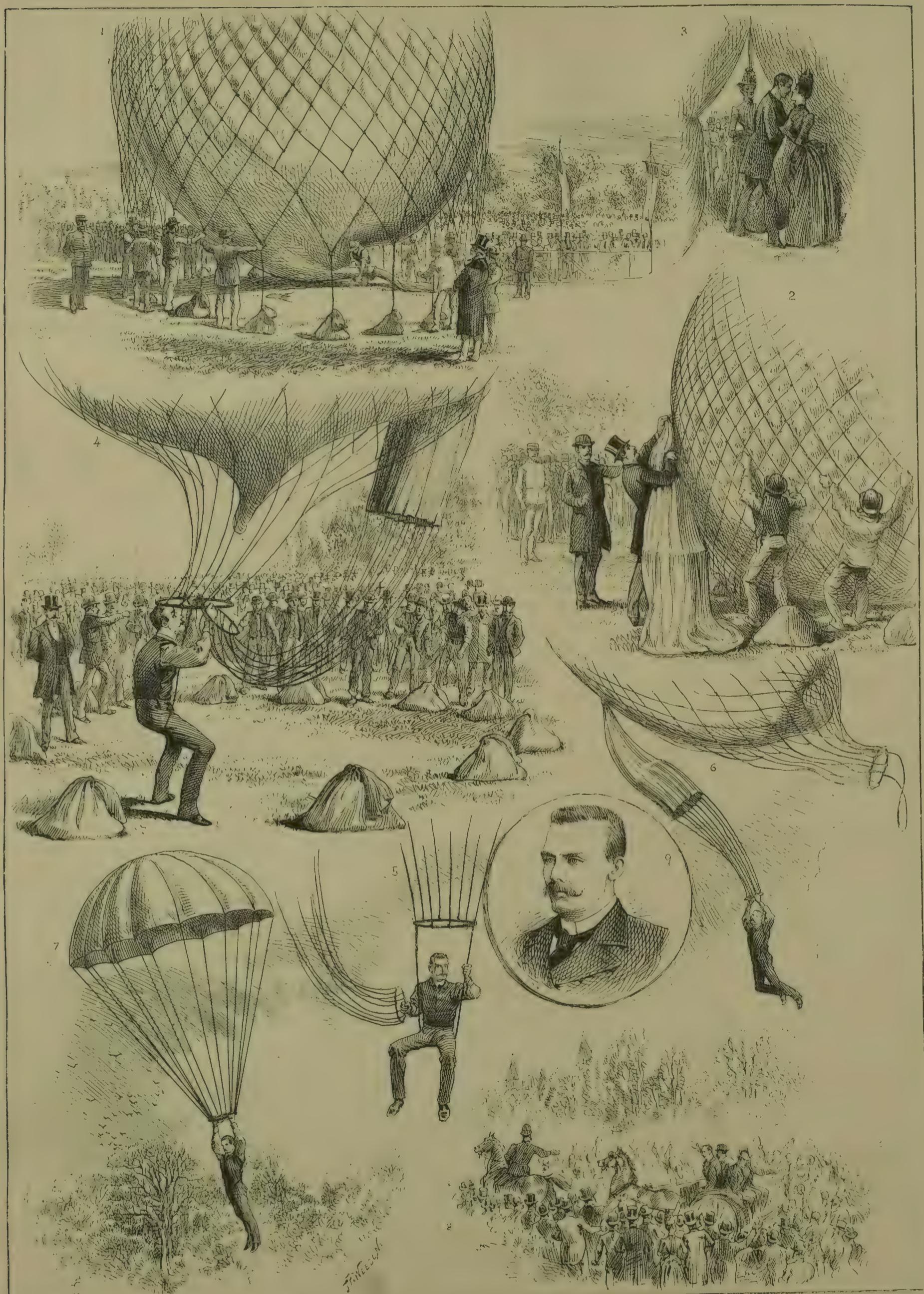
The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Office of the Commissariot of Lanarkshire, of the general disposition and settlements and codicils (dated, respectively, Sept. 14, 1880; Nov. 1, 1886; and Jan. 7, 1888) of Mr. Charles Edward Harris Edmondstone-Cranstoun, late of Covehouse, Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire, who died on June 19 last, granted to Mrs. Edith Mary Jerningham Edmondstone-Cranstoun, the widow, the executrix-nominate, was resealed in London on Sept. 14, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £24,000.

The will (dated April 8, 1885) of Mr. Henry Mitchison Trehwitt, late of No. 31, Grande Rue, Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, who died at Brighton on Aug. 2, was proved on Sept. 14 by William Anthony Mitchison, the uncle, and Saffery William Johnson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his cousin, Ada Monroe; and, subject thereto, leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his mother, for life; on her death, upon further trust, for his stepfather, Gustave Horeau, for life; and then to his three cousins, Richard Stovin Mitchison, Herbert Mitchison, and Arthur Maw Mitchison.

Probate of the will of the late Right Hon. Sir John Rose, Bart., G.C.M.G., has been granted to the four executors named—viz., his three sons and Mr. T. W. Bishoff. The testator, after giving sundry specific and trust legacies, leaves the residue of his property, in trust, for his five children.

Private Griggs, with a total of 258 out of a possible 310 points, won the champion's gold medal and challenge cup of the London Rifle Brigade, fired for at Rainham on Sept. 20.

Mr. J. S. Hodson, secretary to the Printer's Pension, Alms-house, and Orphan Asylum Corporation, writes enumerating the arguments in favour of the exemption of charities from taxation. He points out, among other things, that most of the invested property of charitable institutions has been derived from testamentary bequests, upon which a Parliamentary tax of 10 per cent has been paid, and that the voluntary contributions of the wealthy and benevolent have formed portions of the income of the donors, upon which income-tax has been previously levied.



1. Filling the Balloon.
2. Farini fixing the Parachute.
3. Baldwin's farewell to his wife before starting.

4. The moment before ascending.
5. The Ascent.
6. The Leap from the Balloon.

7. Parachute alighting in Coldfall Wood, Finsbury.
8. Reception, going back to the Palace.
9. Portrait of Baldwin.



THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Though we are in the midst of a burst of Indian summer, the shortening days warn us all too surely that the autumn is upon us, and that we must begin to think of costumes for the chilly weather that is near. It is the most sensible plan to purchase one or two nice dresses for the cold weather quite early in the autumn, because then the full beauty of the new costume is displayed and its very first freshness is fully enjoyed before the cold winds compel us to cover it partially or entirely with a mantle; and withal we have the advantage of the warmth which is so needful when the treacherous chills of autumnal evenings are upon us unawares, after days during which the brightness of the sun made us half suppose it to be summer. There is certainly no lack of new and handsome fabrics for this season, and the best London houses are offering certain decided novelties. Woollen materials are, of course, the most suitable ones for such gowns; but amongst new stuffs of that class there is the greatest variety of detail.

Leading goods, as the drapers call them, are bordered stuffs. These are double-width materials, with a pattern in contrasting colours forming an edge all along one side only. The width is sufficient to allow for the length of a skirt, so that when made up in that manner the bordering will constitute, as it were, a trimming round the edge of the draperies; and it will also, if cut off, serve to make a vest, panel, or revers. Directoire polonaises made out of these materials are arranged to have the border down either edge of the skirt of the coat where it falls open, and also turned back as the shaped revers, very broad towards the shoulder, of the bodice of the coat. Another favourite way of using these fabrics, specially suitable for tall and slender wearers, is to let the bordering come down on one side of the entire length of the figure, beginning on the left shoulder, draped in full folds towards the waist, and confined there by a buckle, and falling to the feet to the right side. In this case, the other half of the bodice is made perfectly plain and tight-fitting; the skirt is also quite plain from the waist to the feet; it is simply arranged in long, full folds, fuller at the back than at the sides, and edged all round with the border. Long tablier draperies, with the border passing round, are also being used. With these, a coat bodice that has a vest of the border on one half of it only, from shoulder to bust, is to be popular. These one-sided vests are balanced by a series of narrow folds or draperies of the plain material on the other side of the bust and continued down the middle of the figure from the bust to the waist.

Another new material that promises to be most fashionable is woollen brocade, where large patterns are thrown up in a slightly different tint from the plain ground. These make up effectively as quite plain dresses; and two materials, or very strongly-contrasted trimmings, have been so much used that really a gown of one striking fabric alone, made without revers, vest, or folds, has a distinction of its own. The wool brocades are made also into mantles, for which they are very suitable. Amazon and habit clothes, much braided, or trimmed as I described a few weeks back with appliqués of some contrasting colour in cloth, cut into patterns and stitched on with gold thread, are also to be well worn. These dresses are commonly deeply trimmed or braided round the bottom of the skirt in front, and in this case panels are not employed; loose fronted bodices, with vest of trimming, or plain habit bodices with simulated revers of braid or appliqué, are equally correct.

In long mantles, the Russian style carries all before it. The distinguishing mark of this is a long loose front from neck to feet, giving the mantle almost the appearance of a circular cloak; it is, however, in reality fitted closely to the figure beneath, even having sleeves very often, and the loose front is an addition. Many of these mantles are put at the neck into yokes; others are gathered on the shoulder and at the waist. The newest idea is to have the front wings quite sumptuously lined and hanging loose from the side seams of the skirt of the cloak, and to gather them up on the arm so that the lining shows in places. The shapes in short mantles present nothing new to describe at present. We must wait a few weeks longer for those. Short jackets, hanging loose from the throat, are in the ascendant as yet.

The Education Commissioners, in their report recently issued, advise that women shall be allowed to fill the office of sub-inspectors of schools. These officials are the assistants, who work under the inspector; they are generally chosen from the ranks of elementary schoolmasters, but the salary has been so low hitherto that the more capable teachers have refused to give up their posts in school to accept the worse-paid one of sub-inspector. There is now a proposal made that the sub-inspectors shall be eligible to proceed to the higher office of full inspector, with its salary of from five to fifteen hundred per annum; but it does not appear that it is thought of as possible that a woman should be an inspector. Nevertheless, it would be very desirable that there should be a certain number of these superior officers of the educational department of the female sex. There would be a much better chance of the special troubles and peculiar requirements of girls' and infants' schools being attended to if women had a share in their inspection; and teachers would be spared such an ordeal as I once saw undergone by half-a-dozen of them in an infant-school, when a young University man had them all gathered round him while he showed them how they ought to hold their knitting-needles—though some, at least, of those ladies had been able to knit when their young mentor was still in his cradle. It would be easy to find many cultivated and sympathetic women, University graduates and others, fit for the post of Inspector of Infants' and Girls' Schools.

Jurists and students of psychology know that there is, as a well-established fact, an epidemic contagion in crime. The imitative instinct, which makes the lower minds among mankind little more individually self-reliant than a flock of sheep, acts in inciting to crimes, until a stronger impulse to resistance to the evil idea is given by the law. There has been a terrible outburst, within the last few months, of such an epidemic of crimes of violence toward women. What is the law doing to check it? Worse than nothing: the men who sit in judgment on such crimes practically encourage them, and are not, in their turn, punished by the public opinion of their equals and their superiors for doing so. Only about a year ago, the Assistant-Judge of the Middlesex Sessions caused a temporary outburst of indignation by his sentence of six months' imprisonment for a most vile and totally unprovoked attempt to murder a woman. But not only was he left on the bench, but last week the same Judge received—nominally from the gracious hands of the first lady of the land—the honour of knighthood. Thus encouraged, Mr. Justice Charles has this week sentenced to only nine months' imprisonment a man who attempted to murder his wife with a chopper; and on the same day a Scotch Judge was content to give a sentence of ten years' penal servitude for the crime of murder, which is nominally met by the fullest penalty of the law, and which, in this case, was accompanied by such atrocities that a juryman fainted at the tale. How long is this cruel and brutal acquiescence of "learned gentlemen" with cruel and brutal crimes against the weaker half of society to go on unchecked?

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.
TRANSFORMATIONS.

Down at Claygate, in Surrey, there is a cosy nook where a warm welcome awaits the friends who come to spend a quiet hour or two with the genial host of The Cottage. The dining-room opens on to a lawn, which has great firs ranked like a row of sentinels along one side, and bays and rhododendrons in clumps on the other side, shielding the grassy plot from the field beyond. In front of you, as you sit on the comfortable lounge at the dining-room door, there is the sweep of verdure which, even in the hottest of summer days, is green and cool and refreshing to the sight. Here one gathers in "the harvest of a quiet eye" in plenty. There are two tame magpies which dance and hop up and down the lawn, and there is "Jack," the jackdaw, who, albeit a suspicious bird and a knowing creature withal, has yet a kindly touch or two in his composition. There has been a squalling match to-day, wherein the magpies and the jackdaw have fully and successfully borne their respective parts. Things came to a head this afternoon when a big dragonfly careered across the lawn, and came within a hair's-breadth of the gentleman magpie's nose. Then, the insect flew off at a tangent and nearly fell a victim to the female representative of the race, as she sat in placid contemplation of the failure of her spouse to secure the dainty morsel. Finally, the jackdaw made a dash at the dragonfly, and missed it. These failures were speedily celebrated in plaintive chorus. Mrs. Magpie was the first to cease her song, and retired to her own particular larder, which is a hole in the ground, whence she extricated pieces of bread which had been carefully covered with turf and grass an hour or two before—so true is it that in deep sorrow there is sometimes found much consolation in the delights of the table. The jackdaw hopped off to his own particular domain, and speedily consoled himself with a nice worm, which possibly was more digestible than the dragonfly might have proved. Mr. Magpie, disgusted with the hollow and deceitful world, remained to brood over his defeat, and the dragonfly continued its flight all unharmed, and glorious in the purple sheen of its long, armoured body.

That dragonfly is in itself a study you may not despise. Primarily, it is a very high type of insect life; but it sprang from a lowly egg, laid on the water-weeds by the parent-being. From this egg came forth the grub, in the guise of an active, crawling, jointed body. This larva is wingless, and fishlike breathes the air entangled in the water by means of a kind of gill-apparatus

it bears on its tail. It propels itself forward by the jets of water which it ejects from its breathing-organs, and lives thus a thoroughly aquatic life. Then it moults and changes its skin, and with somewhat of growth becomes the chrysalis. Here you see the same water-life and the same activity. An apparatus of jaws is possessed by the young dragonfly. The jaws seem harmless enough when they lie folded on the head, but they are terrible things enough when they are extended to snap up the unwary larva which are co-tenants of the brook or pond with this dragonfly tyrant. Thus time passes, and development proceeds. Then comes the denouement of the dragonfly's early life. The chrysalis fixes itself to some water-plant. There is a period of apparent inactivity while within the chrysalis skin marvellous changes are being wrought out. Then the old skin cracks and splits, and there issues forth the winged insect, perfectly fitted for its aerial existence, and exulting in all the fullness of its newborn powers. You remember Tennyson's lines in his "Two Voices":—

To-day I saw the dragon-fly
Come from the wells where he did lie.

An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk; from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

He dried his wings; like gauze they grew;
Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew.

There is the touch of a master-hand in these lines. Matthew Arnold has taught us that the poet is only great when he is true to nature. Tennyson teaches us a lesson in natural history in the lines I have quoted, and he is a great poet because he writes faithfully and truly as a student of the nature whose interpreter he is.

Such is the history of the insect which the Claygate aviary, in its collective strength and dexterity, failed to conquer. It is a different history, in truth, from that of the late butterflies and moths you see still twittering among the flower-beds by day and by night. In their history you begin with the grub, which is a crawling, gormandising caterpillar, that eats till it grows too big for its skin, and then moults and eats again and changes its investment, and so on until it has accumulated a store of nutriment or material sufficient for the requirements of its transformations. Then comes the butterfly's chrysalis-stage. Here you see rest and quiescence. It is inactive, and is thus unlike the dragonfly, with its carnivorous chrysalis and its masked jaws. It spins a cocoon or other investment, and finally comes forth from the cocoon, breaking through that covering as if it were a veritable prison-house, and appearing as the winged insect of the sunlight and the flowers. There is a marvellous difference between the development of the dragonfly and the moth or butterfly, it is true; but there are also likenesses and analogies to be discovered beneath the apparent dissimilarities. The insect quits the egg at an earlier stage than do most higher animals. Those transformations you see passing under your eyes are not more remarkable than the changes which, in other animals, are passed within the egg, out of sight of all save the prying scientist. No living thing comes to the perfection of its life at "one fell swoop." In all there is transformation and change, of greater or less importance. The shore crab you saw on the beach a few days gone by began life as a tailed creature, with two great "gig-lamps" of eyes, and a curious head-spine (figured in our Illustration) that looked like the end of a nightcap long drawn out. By-and-by, it settled down somewhat from this free-swimming stage (that of the *Zoeca*, as it is called), developed eyes of respectable size, and a crablike body. Still the tail remained, and in this state it resembled its near-cousin the lobster (Fig. b). Last of all, the crab-tail

grew smaller, and ultimately became the "purse" which is tucked up under the crab's body (c), that thus represents its head and chest alone, while in the lobster the tail



METAMORPHOSIS OF CRAB.

a, Young form of crab, known as *Zoeca praegigia*; b, more advanced stage of a (*Megalopa*); c, advanced stage of b.

remains to form an important part of the anatomy of the adult crustacean.

Throughout the whole of living nature, then, there is transformation witnessed, as each life grows from its infancy towards the perfection of its kind. Nothing is accomplished suddenly. What seems to our eyes to be a hasty putting on of new things in animal and plant developments, is in reality only a shortening of a once lengthy method of growth. The dragonfly is the type of all other kinds of lives in respect of its development by degrees; for in nature the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to those strong of arm.

ANDREW WILSON.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

It is expedient, no doubt, for the safety of our shores, that big guns from Woolwich Arsenal should be mounted at coast forts and batteries, and that artillermen should be trained in their use. But the infantry, small as well as big, form a part of our national resources which must always be of considerable importance. A certain proportion of the English people being in arms—we allude to the babies—there is reason to hope that the intending foreign invader, whoever he may be, will think twice about the matter. Thousands of little boys, etc. they have reached their fifth birthday, announce a patriotic determination to conquer every possible foe. In this valiant resolution, it may usually be observed, they are faithfully encouraged by their sisters, while their nurses are content to forbid only such actual exercises of precocious pugnacity as might be dangerous to those of tender age. The sight of a cannon, of a rifle or pistol, and much more of a real live soldier, arouses the British lion, metaphorically, that lies dormant in the breast of boyhood from earliest infancy; and mothers are sometimes troubled with anxious fears lest the beloved urchin, when he grows to manly stature, take a fancy to the military or naval career. It would be difficult to keep such thoughts out of a child's head, if it were desirable; for nearly all his learning of history, besides the names and dates of Kings and their reigns, consists of land and sea battles; and in the conversation of his elders, whenever there are wars or rumours of wars, no subject is discussed with equal zest. This may hereafter be regarded as a puerile disposition, a remnant of childishness in the slowly improving race of mankind, who are to become so wise, sober, and rational, that all international disputes will be settled without military conflict. What will the boys be like then, if the men are converted to equity and gentleness, and there be no such playthings as swords and guns? A time is promised, indeed, when nation shall no more rise up against nation; and there may be a time when national interests and pretensions shall be merged in the common welfare of humanity. As the world is now, we are still compelled to look to "our national defences," and the youngest child born among us will not live to see the end of this stern necessity, which is exemplified by the great gun bidding defiance to a possible enemy on the cliffs of our Channel shore.

Cardinal Manning, assisted by several other dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, on Sept. 20 opened the new college at Tooting, which has been erected in place of the old one at Clapham.

A new hospital, erected at a cost of about £10,000, was formally opened at Great Yarmouth on Sept. 20. Sir James Faget, the Mayor and Town Council, the members of the Board of Guardians, the Earl of Orford, Sir E. Birkbeck, M.P., the friendly societies of the town, and a considerable number of the local public took part in the proceedings, which commenced with Divine service at the parish church. Thence a procession was formed to the new hospital. The institution was inaugurated by Sir J. Paget unlocking the front door of the building with a silver-gilt key, handed to him for the purpose. A tour of inspection was made round the hospital, the south wing of which has been fitted up for immediate use. A luncheon followed at the Townhall.

A retired Austrian Government clerk who had for many years lived the life of a recluse in one of the large barracklike houses of suburban Vienna, died a few days ago, and in his will he bequeathed a considerable sum of money to one of his neighbours in the subjoined terms:—"Up the second flight of stairs there lives at door No. 63 a widow who has two daughters. I leave a sum of 80,000 fl. to the one who always nodded in such a friendly way when she met me." At first there was great rejoicing in the widow's home, but presently the two sisters fell out as to which of them the old gentleman had left the money. Both of them had nodded when they met him, and both claimed the legacy. Legal proceedings are impending, but the solicitors on either side are said to be inclined for a compromise by dividing the money in equal shares between the two sisters.

The celebration of the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada was carried out at Hastings on Sept. 20. A meeting was held in the Townhall, under the presidency of the Mayor. Lord Brassey moved a resolution to the effect that the deeds of 1588 deserved to be held in undying reverence, and observed that the proceedings in connection with the celebration had not the object of conveying an affront to any foreign Power or religious party. At eight o'clock a torchlight procession started from the fishmarket, and proceeded along the sea-front to St. Leonards, the route being lined with thousands of spectators. The procession was led by a party of coastguards in boats festooned with fancy lights, drawn on cars by horses. Then followed detachments of Naval Artillery Volunteers, also in boats; three batteries of Artillery Volunteers, with guns; two companies of the First Cinque Ports Volunteers; the Charles Arkell life-boat and crew; and the local fire brigade. Five bands attended the procession, and torches were borne by one hundred fishermen in tanned frocks. At the conclusion a *feu-de-joie* was fired from the West-hill by the Rifle Volunteers, and a display of fireworks, at the same spot, wound up the proceedings.



BIG HAMMER MAN.

SHELL FACTORY,
WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

The manufacture of shells, of shrapnel shells containing bullets, and of Whitehead torpedoes, in the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, has been sufficiently described in the last two Numbers of *The Illustrated London News*. The additional Sketches, made at the Rifled Shell Factory and at the Foundry of the Arsenal, which are presented this week, do not require much further explanation. Several of them represent the stalwart figures of the men who wield big hammers in the foundry, and who deal with steel plates as dexterously as a tailor can manipulate broadcloth. This is nothing to what is done in the Gun Factory, with the great steam-hammer which weighs forty tons, and the anvil of which is mounted on an iron bed of immense thickness, weighing altogether 650 tons, with a bed of timber and concrete below 30 ft. deep; the steam-hammer is used to weld the double or treble coils of steel together, in the building-up of a gun. The Ordnance Stores Factories, to which our attention is at present directed, are of vast extent and of interesting variety, including, besides those already noticed, the Laboratory, containing five hundred lathes, with the Chemical Department, where so much is done with gunpowder and gun-cotton; the cartridge factories both for cannon and for small-arms; the sheds in which detonating apparatus, fuses, and percussion caps are manufactured; the "lead-squirting room" and bullet factory, the rocket factory; and the special appliances for making all kinds of military ammunition. There is also the gun-carriage factory, with its carpentry of timber, its numerous forges of iron, machine-shops, and wheelwrights' shops. The pattern-room exhibits an interesting collection of models, drawings, and photographs, duplicates of which are sent to the War Office and to some foreign stations. The testing of guns and ammunition is conducted at the proof butts in the open ground east of the Arsenal; but the space occupied by the different factories and stores of this immense establishment is three hundred and fifty acres. More than ten thousand hands are often employed in various works at

the same time, and even this does not suffice; there is also the Enfield Factory, and special factories at other places, besides work done by contract; yet the demands of our Army and Navy for mechanical and material instruments are scarcely met by the supply in time of peace, and in war-time it might become needful to make far greater efforts, more especially in the Ordnance Department.

MUSICAL
PUBLICATIONS.

"Because I Love Thee" is the title of a song by Ernest Ford, who has produced a very pleasing piece in which sentimental sadness is well expressed without degenerating into mawkish commonplace. Messrs. Chappell and Co. are the publishers, as also of "Beauty's Eyes," by F. P. Tosti, a setting of a love-song from the experienced hand of Mr. F. E. Weatherly. The vocal part is flowing and melodious, its unaffected simplicity being well contrasted by the moving accompaniment of triplets. An ad libitum violin part is supplied to enhance the general effect. "Tis for the Best" (also from Messrs. Chappell) is a setting, by Mr. F. Cellier, of lines by Mr. C. Bridgeman, in which religious sentiment is well expressed, and this has been successfully reflected in Mr. Cellier's music, which is calculated to produce much effect without undue strain on the vocalist—a merit that belongs to the other vocal pieces above referred to. "The Day of Love" (from the same publishers) is a setting of lines by Thomas Moore, by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, who has recently attracted attention by some highly characteristic music, including important orchestral and choral accessories. The song now referred to affords fresh evidence of the composer's possession of an original train of musical thought. The vocal melody, which is extremely simple, is well contrasted by the peculiar rhythm of the accompaniment. Messrs. Chappell and Co. have also issued pianoforte arrangements from Lecocq's comic opera "Pepita" (recently produced at Toole's Theatre after a successful provincial



BIG HAMMER MAN.

career). A selection of the favourite themes has been arranged, in effective and easy style, by W. Winterbottom; a Fantasia, derived from the same sources, having been produced by Mr. W. Smallwood, who has avoided difficulties, and has facilitated even what is easy, by indicating the leading fingering. The "Diamond Music Books"—issued by the same firm—contain a large variety of pianoforte and vocal pieces, sacred and secular, neatly engraved and printed, and issued at the almost nominal price of sixpence each number.

Boosey's "Instrumental Library" (shilling series) has now reached a hundred numbers, and includes a large collection of violin music—solo and duet, exercises, studies, and arrangements—forming a comprehensive and varied collection suited to all tastes. The cornet, also, is provided for in the series now referred to, others of Messrs. Boosey and Co.'s cheap publications including a "Banjo Album" containing arrangement



CLEANING OUT A SHELL.



LACQUERING A SHELL, AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

of modern songs for an instrument which has of late years been brought into prominent notice.

"My Heart's Beloved," by F. H. Cowen, is a setting of sentimental lines by Mr. A. Chapman. The music has that artistic and gracious touch which distinguishes most of Mr. Cowen's productions, and will please both singers and hearers. "First in the Fight" is a song, by F. Bevan, of a stirring martial character, well suited to a singer possessed of declamatory power. "A Garden of Memories" is a graceful song by M. Watson, who has produced some musical strains that are sentimental without being commonplace, and will be welcome alike to vocalists and audiences. "As Once We Met" is the title of a song by Mr. E. Bucalossi, who has here produced a vocal piece of a melodious and gracious character that can scarcely fail to please both in execution and audition. All the songs just referred to are published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., as are the following:—"He Will Forgive," an impressive sacred piece by F. L. Moir; and "Long Ago," by E. Birch, a pleasing vocal duet, in which the voices (soprano and contralto) are very effectively displayed, in association and alternation. "Ellaline" (from the same

publishers) is a gavotte (for the pianoforte), by Hamilton Clarke. The piece (which is dedicated to Miss Ellen Terry) is a graceful reflection of the quaint old dance form indicated by the title.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The first fashionable wedding of the autumn took place on Sept. 19, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, the contracting parties being Colonel Montague Gilbert Gerard, C.B., of Rochsoles, Lanarkshire, and Miss Helen Meade, youngest daughter of Mr. Edward Meade, of 28, Hill-street, Berkeley-square. The bride was attired in a handsome duchesse satin striped moiré antique, the front of the dress being entirely covered with old Brussels lace and sprays of orange-blossom. The long Court train was trimmed with old Brussels lace and bunches of orange-blossom, while her tulle veil was caught up by a diamond star and exquisite bunch of orange-blossom. The bridesmaids wore white China silk, with plain draped skirts and bodice trimmed with white moiré. Their white chip hats were decorated with a lovely shade of green velvet and bunches of mignonette. Their ornaments were gold

BIG HAMMER MAN, AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

bangles, the gift of the bridegroom, and they also carried large bouquets of mignonette.

The marriage of Sir William Brampton Gurdon, younger son of the late Mr. Brampton Gurdon, with Lady Eveline Camilla Wallop, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Portsmouth, took place on Sept. 20, at Wembworthy, Devon. The bride was given away by her father. She wore a dress of ivory velvet, ornamented with sixteenth-century period point lace, and her veil was of Honiton lace. Her ornaments were a pearl tiara and other ornaments, the gift of Lady Camilla Fortescue; and she carried a bouquet of orange-blossoms and myrtle, the gift of the bridegroom. There were four bridesmaids—Ladies Margaret and Henrietta Wallop (sisters of the bride); Miss Broke, niece of the bridegroom; and Lady Margaret Herbert, cousin of the bride, who were dressed in ivory muslin and large Eton-blue sashes. They also wore pretty Tosca hats, trimmed with blue ribbon and sprays of nuts. Lord John Hervey acted as best man.



FOUNDRY HAND, AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

NEW BOOKS.

Ulysses; or, Scenes and Studies in Many Lands. By W. Gifford Palgrave (Macmillan and Co.).—It is not, in the present age, so rare a personal distinction to have resided or travelled in different countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, that an author of descriptive essays should claim for his peculiar prototype the wily wanderer of the Homeric legend, who escaped the magic of Circe, the fatal song of the Sirens, and the kitchen of Polyphemus. But Mr. Gifford Palgrave has seen many cities of mankind and observed their manners and humours; while his official experiences, in the consular and diplomatic services, and his missions of an earlier date, in Syria and Palestine, as an agent of the Jesuit Order, and in Arabia, on a special errand of inquiry patronised by the late French Emperor, have made him more intimately acquainted than the ordinary "globe-trotter" can be with the non-European nations. He is an attractive and engaging writer, whose style, as well as his tone of sentiment and contemplative mood, often reminds us of Mr. Froude; and this volume, containing articles mostly reprinted from the magazines of ten or fifteen years past, is welcome as agreeable reading. The views that it presents, however, of the condition of some parts of the world, though doubtless based on accurate detailed observation at the time, require now to be accepted with large modification from our knowledge of subsequent changes. We can no longer speak of "the unchanging East," when vast Asiatic regions, from the shores of the Euxine and the Caspian to the islands of Japan, are rapidly undergoing a political and social transformation far more complete than is witnessed in modern Europe. The advance of Russian conquest and Russian civilisation, now triumphant at Samarcand and Bokhara, on the one hand, and the eager adoption of European arts and habits by the Japanese, with the hastening decay of the Mohammedan Empires in Western Asia, promise soon to obliterate much that was distinctive of Oriental life. A certain almost pathetic interest therefore belongs to Mr. Palgrave's sketches of secluded rustic communities under Turkish rule, in Anatolia or Asia Minor, or in Gurgistan, a corner of Georgia which in 1867 and 1871 was not yet annexed to Russia; and there is a flavour of departing Eastern romance in his Arabian story of "Alkamah's Cave," which he gathered from native reciters during his sojourn in Nejd. The significance which he found in Siamese Buddhism, when he visited the famous shrine of Phra-Bat, and that of the ancient religion of Japan, called "Shinto," which appeared to him more salutary than the sacerdotal doctrine and practice of the Buddhists, may still command thoughtful study among other themes of historical and critical investigation with regard to comparative theology, which occupy some philosophical minds. Leaving all that, with the comments of the learned and travelled author who has been initiated into the mysteries of so many religions, unknown to Ulysses or to Homer, we are greatly pleased with his account of Hong-Kong, a noble modern creation of British commercial enterprise and administrative government, and regret that his chapter-title, "The Three Cities," has not been justified by adding the promised descriptions of Macao and Canton. The Japanese city of Kioto has been more fully described in several other books, and Mr. Palgrave has more to say of the Mikado, not as he is now, an actually ruling Emperor, but in the days of his enforced seclusion, as a gentle, venerable figure of sacred hereditary Sovereignty, dwelling amidst a loyal and contented people. In the nearer East, returning to the shores of the Black Sea, where the author, from 1867 to 1873, held the post of Consul at Trebizond, his excursion to the Greek monastery of Sumelas, a singular mountain stronghold of ancient ecclesiastical traditions, may be followed with interest; but there is little fresh in his account of the ruins of the Egyptian Thebes, Karnac and Luxor. His "West Indian Memories," too, comprising some notice of the French islands, Martinique and Guadalupe, and the narrative of an expedition to the Grande Soufrière and boiling lake in Dominica, are the description of places that have been visited by others besides "Ulysses." Nevertheless, all that he writes is sufficiently entertaining and substantially instructive. From the Far East, where he treats of "Malay Life in the Philippines," to the River Plate and Paraguay, where he is now resident British Minister, Mr. Palgrave has everywhere collected rich stores of diverse knowledge, which have been digested by a reflecting mind, and which are here presented in a graceful literary form, worth a score of the books of slipshod writing and the trivial or silly anecdotes that some travellers make haste to print.

Twenty-five Years in a Waggon, in the Gold Regions of Africa. By Andrew A. Anderson. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall).—A large amount of geographical information concerning the inland regions of South Africa, north of the Cape Colony and north-west of Natal and the Transvaal, is contained in these volumes; but the narrative of travel, the accounts of dealings with Boers and other settlers or squatters, and with various Kaffir tribes, and probably also the hunting experiences, seem to belong to a period before the changes that have altered the condition of affairs. Mr. Anderson began his extensive and discursive waggon-journeys in 1860, starting from Natal across the Drakensberg into the Orange River country, which he found very monotonous; in 1864 he explored the Transvaal and Griqualand West, now the Diamond Fields; afterwards he traversed Bechuanaland, which was then known to few except the missionaries, and crossed the Kalahara Desert westward; in 1872 he went far into the interior, visiting Lake Ngami and the Zambesi, and reached the southern tributaries of the Congo; on a different occasion he travelled over Great Namaqualand, Damaraland, and Ovampoland, the western countries of South Africa beyond the Kalahara Desert. These countries last mentioned, which are still comparatively little known, have recently been spoken of as a possible sphere of German commercial or colonial enterprise; and Mr. Anderson's description of them seems calculated to be of more utility than what he relates of the past state of things in the Transvaal, though his abundant and exact notices of the physical geography and topography, the soil and climate, and the natural products and resources, animals, plants, and minerals of every part of South Africa have an abiding value. Great Namaqualand, which extends 420 miles along the shore of the South Atlantic Ocean, from the Orange River mouth to Wallfish Bay, and on the coast of which is Angra Pequena, a new German possession, does not appear to be a pleasant country. Water and grass are scarce even in the highlands, while the coast, with the strip of land fifty miles wide next the sea, is an utterly barren waste. Wood grows only on the river-banks and in the kloofs or ravines; but there are copper, lead, and iron ores, which will be valuable when they are worked. To the north is Damaraland, extending to the Portuguese boundary of Benguela, which seems to be a rather better country, as the natives keep large flocks of cattle, sheep, and goats. The only harbour, Wallfish Bay, belongs to the Cape Colony, and is an important trading station; there is much copper, lead, and silver, also iron, in the mountains. Behind this country, in the interior, lies Ovampoland, "one of the most beautiful parts of South Central Africa, with picturesque mountains, lovely

open glades, well-wooded districts, a rich soil for corn, and a dry and healthy climate." This might be worth looking after, in connection with the British Protectorate of Bechuanaland, which approaches it from the south; but Mr. Anderson says that Ovampoland is at present no country for emigration, being extensively occupied by "too many uncivilised natives, who are averse to whites living in that country." These poor "Ovaheros," as they are called, have, nevertheless, the character of being friendly, honest, and hospitable, although no mission stations exist among them. The author recommends the making of a good road from Wallfish Bay to Lake Ngami, the establishment of British sovereignty north and south of Wallfish Bay, and measures to encourage trade with the interior of South Central Africa. There is a good deal to be learned from this book, partly written from his direct observations, partly compiled, as we suppose, from other works on the subject.

Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century. From the MSS. of John Ramsay, Esq., of Ochtertyre. Two vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons).—This series of contemporary biographical memoirs, followed in the second volume by some essays, of much historical value, on the social and economic conditions of Scotland after the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745, may be esteemed an important contribution to our studies of the past. The author, who was born in 1736 and died in 1814, was a friend of Sir Walter Scott, lived the life of a discreet and quiet country gentleman, cultivated the best society of his time, reflected wisely on his personal observations, and wrote the clear, elegant, unaffected English prose style of Hume and Robertson, which was perhaps as good as any written in our own age. His papers, now edited with care and fidelity by Mr. Alexander Allardyce, author of the biography of Admiral Lord Keith, constitute a substantial work, connected by the affinity of its subjects, which fully merits preservation as a standard literary authority, and should be placed on the library shelf after Dr. John Hill Burton's excellent History, along with some publications of the Grampian Club and with the useful compilations of Messrs. William and Robert Chambers. They will serve, besides, for those old-fashioned lovers of the best of the Waverley Novels who appreciate Scott's genuine vein of humour in his delineation of Scottish characters and manners as he actually saw them—a source of imaginative interest that will outlive the puerilities of chivalrous romance—to recognise the truth with which Scott drew from nature in his most lifelike portraits of men not less typical of different classes than distinctly individual persons. It is of the Baron of Bradwardine, Oldbuck of Monk barns, Lawyer Pleydell, Dandie Dinmont, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and other eighteenth-century characters that we are apt to think, not of Ivanhoe, Marmion, or Quentin Durward, as the real living figures in Scott's imaginative creations. We only wish that he had been allowed by the taste of his readers to employ more of his genius in depicting what lay immediately around him; for the robust vigour of the Scottish national temperament, and the circumstances of his age and country, presented an abundance of dramatic subjects. Mr. Ramsay of Ochtertyre was not a great literary humourist, but a diligent and conscientious memorialist, and a judicious, friendly, veracious commentator on social and domestic affairs. During his residence at Edinburgh, by constant personal intercourse, and after 1760, when he withdrew to the management of his rural estate, by continued private correspondence and visiting, he kept up an acquaintance with the eminent lawyers, University professors, and clergymen of the Established Kirk; and he learnt much of their predecessors. Duncan Forbes of Culloden, President of the Court of Session at the political crisis of 1745; Dundas of Arniston; Baron Kennedy; Lord Justice Clerk Erskine; Lord President Craigie; Lord Prestongrange; Lord Pitfour; Lord Auchinleck (Boswell's father); and Lord Kames, the acute and ingenious philosophical writer, appear in this gallery as ornaments of the Bench of Judges. Lord Monboddo, with his versatile cleverness and his eccentric whims, and Lord Hailes, the accomplished scholar and zealous antiquary, with several other notable men of the lawyer class, are here introduced. Among the men of literary note we find Adam Smith, Dr. Thomas Reid, Dr. Gregory, Dr. George Campbell, Macpherson, and Beattie, several principals and professors of different Scottish Universities, and several preachers or theologians in the Kirk ministry. But the general descriptions of the state of Scotland a century and a half ago, the popular feeling towards the government of the Hanoverian Kings, the aspects of town and country, the state of agriculture, the relations between lairds and tenants and peasants, the old local and family customs, the habits of the gentry and their ladies, the fashions of dress, of dwelling, of diet, and of drink, may prove more interesting to the ordinary reader. These Ramsay reminiscences are highly acceptable, making a very good book of its kind.

Chronicles of Bow-street Police-Office. By Percy Fitzgerald, F.S.A. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall).—The old building, nearly opposite the Covent-Garden Opera Theatre, recently demolished to erect a more commodious police-court, had many curious associations with London social history. These volumes, the work of a practised literary compiler, are filled with anecdotes of the Bow-street police magistrates, from Henry Fielding, the great English humourist and novelist, who occupied the bench from 1749 to 1753, and Sir John Fielding, his half-brother, who succeeded him, down to Sir James Ingham of our own day; also, the Bow-street "Runners," detective officers, and pursuers of criminals, including the famous Townsend, who died in 1832, and who was a diverting character of strong originality; and the former police patrol, which was under the special direction of the Bow-street office, before the creation of the Metropolitan Police. In the second volume, bringing down the chronicles of notable inquiries conducted at Bow-street to a recent date, there is a much less degree of local flavour; and such well-remembered events as the blowing-up of the Clerkenwell prison wall, in 1867, and the later dynamite conspiracy; the conviction of Slade, the fraudulent "Medium"; and several different forgeries, swindles, and bank robberies, are narrated on their own score. These transactions would perhaps be not less worthy of remembrance apart from the manner of their investigation at Bow-street as the Chief Office for the Metropolis; but the peculiar domestic characteristics of the ancient system there, under a singular administrative household or family of police officials, which did good service in the reigns of George III. and George IV., have a particular unique interest, deserving of antiquarian record. Henry Fielding, a name that will not be effaced from the list of ornaments of English literature, performed in 1753 the arduous task of breaking up a formidable organisation of gangs of housebreakers, street robbers, and occasional murderers, who had grown to be the terror of London. Sir John Fielding, though a blind man, exercised his office with the greatest ability and practical success; his plan, originally devised by Henry Fielding, was that of harrying and driving out the known habitual criminals from all their local haunts and places of meeting, and circulating the "hue and cry" for the arrest of highwaymen. It was he who also projected the

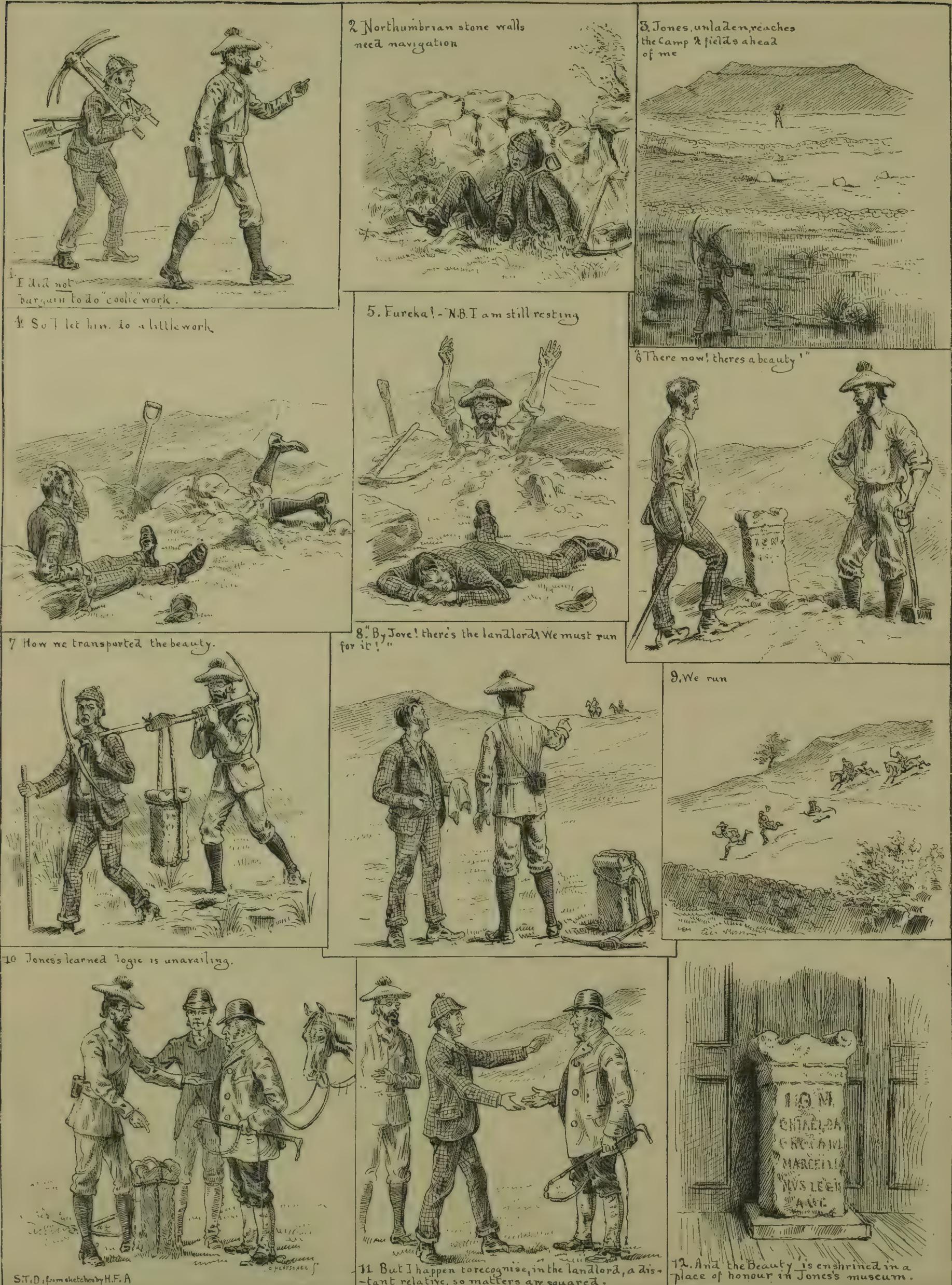
horse-patrol for the safety of the roads around London, which Sir Richard Ford permanently organised in 1805, employing fifty-four retired cavalry soldiers, with six inspectors. In 1821, the day and night patrol of the London streets was performed by a force of about eighty men, in addition to the old "Charlies" or night watchmen. But the most characteristic feature of the establishment was that of the "Bow-street Runners," whose sagacity and alacrity might bear comparison, perhaps, with the modern Detective Branch, though Townsend is suspected by the author of this book to have been "something of a 'impostor.'" He seems, indeed, to have been a vain chattering and boaster, flattered by the injudicious familiarity with which persons of the highest rank, the Royal Princes and the nobility, sometimes the King himself, would treat him when in personal attendance upon them; he was cunning, impudent, and greedy of fees and presents, by which he amassed £20,000. Some of the anecdotes told of his bold and pert sayings are quite in the vein of the privileged Court jesters in Shakespeare, but it is probable that he never said them to the exalted personages with whom he affected to be on such easy terms. Vickery, Sayer, Macmanus, Armstrong, Ruthven, Bishop, and Keys, are enumerated among the skilful and courageous detective officers who contrived the discovery or apprehension of noted criminals in the early part of this century. George Ruthven, who died in 1844, landlord of the One Tun Tavern in Chandos-street, was the captor of Thistlewood, the Cato-street conspirator, and of Thurtell, the murderer, and the detector of extensive bank robberies and forgeries; he was, indeed, considered the most efficient of the Bow-street "Runners." Portraits of the two Fieldings, and of Sir Richard Birnie, an eminent police magistrate, of Townsend the "Runner," and other persons, views of old buildings, and other illustrative woodcuts, are given in these entertaining volumes. The subject is of a popular nature, and is treated in an unobjectionable manner, but there is not much originality in the work.

The Henry Irving Shakespeare. Vol. IV. (Blackie and Son).—Critical revision and annotation still find employment, and publishers display their enterprise, in completing the presentation of the greatest dramatic poet's works, aided by all that English scholarship can do for their elucidation. This publication, which has reached its fourth volume, is the joint work of Mr. Henry Irving, the most eminent Shakespeare actor and manager of Shakespeare's plays on the stage now living, and of Mr. Frank A. Marshall, the executive literary editor, aided by several competent scholars, among whom are Mr. A. Wilson Verity, Mr. Arthur Symons, Mr. P. Z. Round, and Mr. P. A. Daniel, while assistance has been also received from Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, and other high Shakespearean authorities. Mr. Irving, in his prefatory essay on "Shakespeare as a Playwright," pointed out that the mighty genius of the poet would be most fully appreciated by regarding his plays as intended to be acted; they should be studied in the light of the explicit directions, and further in that of the implied stage directions contained in the text, and with regard to many points of gesture or by-play among the actors; moreover, as the words are intended to be spoken aloud, the "dramatic rhythm," agreeable to the sentiment or passion expressed, has to be noted, as well as the sense and the metre. With these requirements skilfully attended to, the use of the present edition should supersede every other in the *vivā voce* recitation of the plays, as well as in the private social practice of reading aloud by members of a party, each taking his or her part, or in single reading aloud, as in preparing for a stage performance. For the mere literary student, nevertheless, who seeks the most complete knowledge of the text, its corruptions and its corrections or proposed emendations, and of the numerous allusions and citations that occur in it, with the explanation of phrases either obsolete or equivocal in meaning, this edition will prove as serviceable as another; very brief notes to the purpose are put at the foot of each page, while there are notes of more elaborate discussion following each play. In order to guide the *vivā voce* reader, whether at home or on a platform, who must omit some passages and rearrange others, to bring his recital within tolerable limits, the pieces which can be left out without detriment to the story or action of the play are set between brackets. Each play has a threefold introduction—firstly, treating of its literary history, the sources of the plot and any part of the dialogue, and the printed editions; secondly, the history of its stage representations; and thirdly, original comment and critical analysis, not quoting the opinions of former critics. The time supposed to be occupied in the development of the story through the five acts of the play is carefully specified. With all these abundant helps, among which is that of small maps, very useful in the historical plays, besides a variety of illustrative engravings, the "Henry Irving Shakespeare" is a work of great practical utility. The volumes, published at regular intervals, are not expensive for a work of so much labour and research. The fourth volume contains the plays of "King Henry V.," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It," and "Twelfth Night"; and four more volumes are yet to come.

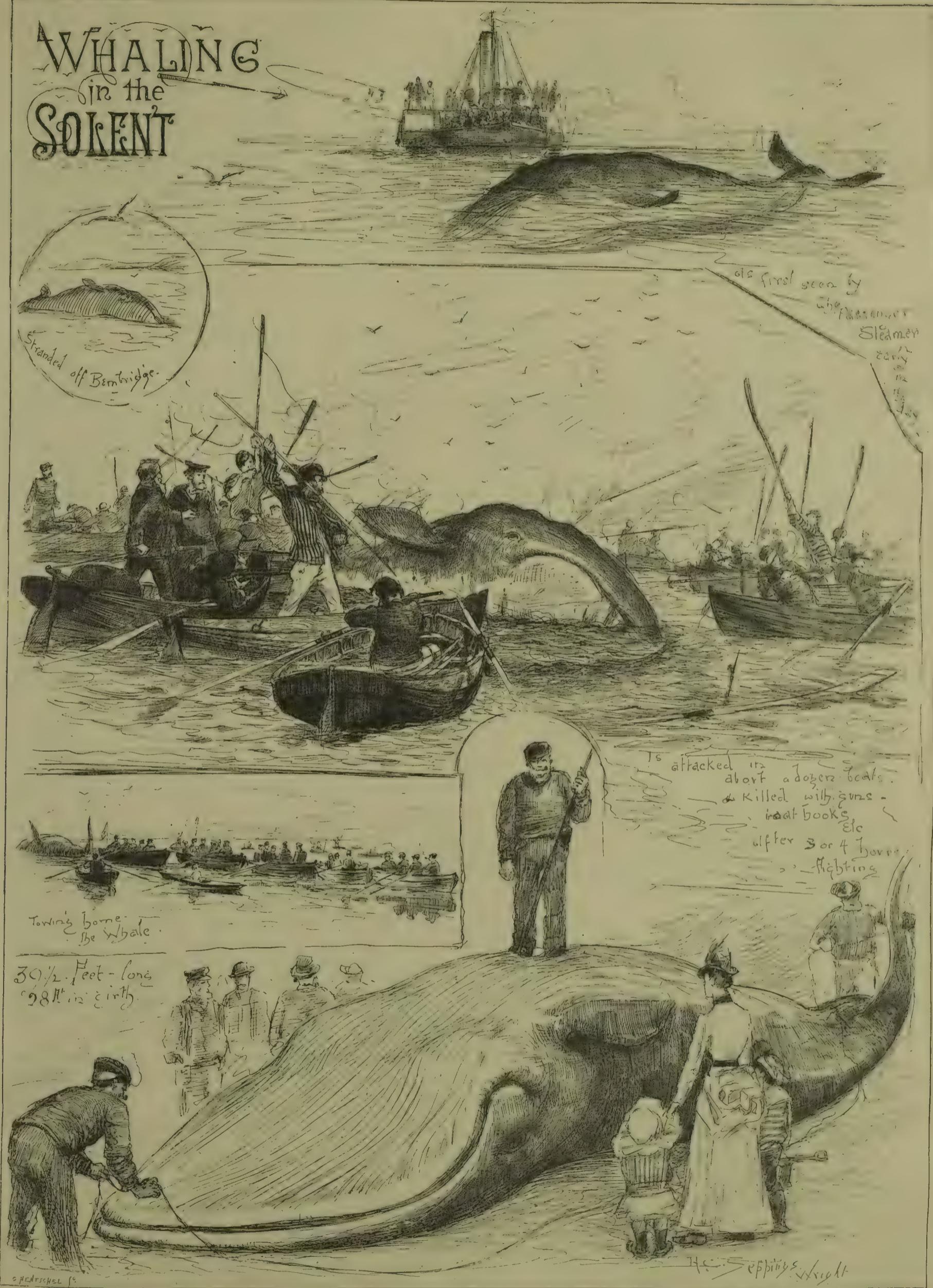
WHALING IN THE SOLENT.

The great whale which was caught off the Isle of Wight on Friday, Sept. 21, was successfully landed next day at Sea View. It has been inspected by crowds of people. The dimensions of the whale are as follows:—Length, 40 ft.; circumference, 20 ft.; estimated weight, 10 tons; length of mouth from point to top of jaw, 7 ft.; length of fins, 4 ft. each; width of tail, 8 ft. Great difficulty was experienced in landing the huge creature. Some stout ropes having been lashed round the tail, eight boats began to pull away, and by dint of great exertions eventually brought the whale to shore. In order to kill it some fifty or sixty shots were fired into its body by the coastguard and others, and the blood that flowed from the wounds dyed the water for a considerable distance. There is some appearance on the body of the whale of having come smartly into collision with a vessel. The whale made an effort to pass under the archway of Sea View Pier, but without success. Its vitality, however, was so great that when a hawser was put round his tail, after gunshot wounds had apparently taken deadly effect, the whale made a sudden plunge, and quite overpowered the numerous boats engaged in towing. During the chase the excitement on shore became very great, as it looked as though the huge creature would escape. At one moment it was gradually making way in the direction of Ryde. When off Spring Vale the animal stuck on a sand-bank, and the combined effect of the bullets and exhaustion soon completed the capture. Large numbers of people visited Sea View, paying for admission to see the whale. The carcass is to be sold.

Resolutions were adopted at a public meeting of the inhabitants of Berkshire and adjoining counties, held at Newbury on Sept. 20, in favour of the selection of the Berkshire Downs at Churn for the future annual meetings of the National Rifle Association.



WHALING in the SOLENT



THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Augustus Harris has made a move in the right direction. With admirable tact, and carefully seeing his way beforehand, he has managed to shake off the clinging attentions of modern melodrama, a flashy and bedizened consort, and to devote himself and his personal energy to a more edifying alliance. The heroes, impossible in their self-sacrifice, and the heroines improbable in their abnegation; the flashy Jews and Whitechapel murderers, the romances of the bar and the tap-room; the "penny plain and twopence coloured" style of dramatic fiction that was raised into unworthy prominence by capital, scenic devices, and the prestige of the "national theatre" have all been passed over this year in favour of a nobler subject and a far more ambitious style of art. Calling to his side Mr. Henry Hamilton, one of our most earnest literary workers for the stage; claiming the assistance of such authorities on costume—particularly of the Elizabethan period—as Mr. Seymour Lucas, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, and the enthusiastic Mr. Wilhelm; using the full scope of the magnificent Drury-Lane stage for panorama, pageant, and procession, we are presented with a series of stage pictures illustrating the Armada period, the scare in England, the rival powers of Elizabeth and Philip, and the contrast between our insular dawn of freedom and Spain's degradation in connection with the Inquisition. As presented on the first night, the new drama was not without its faults. It was too long, too diffuse. Overweighted with extraneous and unnecessary matter, the story was lost in the mass of decoration. The drama could not stand against the vigorous assault of the archaeologist; but, for all that, now that the ship has been lightened by throwing some ballast overboard, "The Armada" will stand forth as one of the most conspicuous and encouraging achievements of the successful reign of Mr. Augustus Harris at Drury-Lane. The interest of the drama is pretty equally divided between patriotism and romance. The reader of history and the student of romance will be equally satisfied. We see Queen Elizabeth not as she might have been, but as she was—a made-up, red-wigged, powerful woman of eight-and-fifty, prejudiced and patriotic, listless and apathetic at one moment, vigorous and domineering at another. We see the Court of good Queen Bess at Greenwich realised so far as history and existing pictures of the time permit us to do so, with stately minuets, carefully-selected phraseology, and the statesmen of the period accurately reproduced. Scenes that have now passed away and are never to be restored to us are presented with gratifying accuracy. The corn fields of old England; the quiet homely provincial life of old Plymouth; the village of Charing, with its old cross, in the days of the London apprentices; the cathedral of Old St. Paul's, before fire destroyed the metropolitan church and Gothic architecture gave way to the Classic design of Sir Christopher Wren; the English people in the habit in which they lived in agricultural England, in provincial England, in Court and cottage, on high days and holidays;—surely these things are more stimulating and are more lasting for good than houses on fire, railway accidents, murders in back parlours, ship scuttlings, and the realised horrors that distress and agitate our daily life?

Not, indeed, that there is any lack of excitement in the new drama. The attack on the Spanish Armada off Calais by the English fire-ships, the firing of a good old-fashioned broadside, the manœuvring of the unwieldy war-vessels, the cheering, the shouting, the hand-to-hand fighting, and the expenditure of gunpowder, must interest a generation familiar alone with a scientific navy and armaments of a vastly different pattern. It is something to be able to place on the stage, and to interest an audience with, one of the most realistic representations of one of the grandest achievements recorded in English history. But this is not all. The more romantic side of the story deals with the rescue of a young English girl by her manly lover from the clutches of a dissolute Spaniard, who has denounced her to the Inquisition, and this leads us to the examination of that curious misconception and form of human error that, treated with care and good taste, need not necessarily shock susceptibilities or arouse any deplorable religious animosity. Whatever faith we may hold, we cannot, unfortunately, blot out every chapter of recorded history; and though these scenes of torture, horror, and mistaken bigotry deal with the Inquisition and the Spanish auto-da-fé—though a Protestant maiden is led to the stake to be burned as a heretic and a sorceress—though the imagination is stimulated with cowled monks and friar inquisitors, and chanted "Misereres," and all the mockery of martyrdom as practised in a Christian country, it may still be urged that there was another side of the picture. The new faith retaliated with bitter vengeance, and the old creed saw its martyrs for conscience sake as well as the new. The good taste that has distinguished these historical pictures cannot be too highly praised; whilst simply as accessories to drama, such scenes as the rescue of the condemned woman by her lover are the most eloquent and stirring that the new drama affords. In a certain sense, the battle on board the pirate Vixen, when the hero elects to save his country before the woman of his heart, the breaking up of the mummery of the Inquisition with the broadswords of the English sailors, and the processional pageant that escorts Queen Elizabeth to St. Paul's Cathedral to give thanks to God after a great victory—which, by-the-way, was supposed to be due far more to the elements

and the interposition of Providence than to actual prowess—will linger longer on the memory than even the vaunted sea-picture of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. In such plays of pageantry and scenic splendour at Drury-Lane acting as an art plays a subordinate part. All its subtlety and refinement are lost on a stage peopled with an army of supernumeraries and dedicated to din. It would require lungs of leather to shout louder than the din of carpenters and scene-shifters. Consequently, Miss Winifred Emery can do little more than look pretty and engaging; Mr. Leonard Boyne does all he can do when he is passionate and energetic. The one is a graceful heroine, the other a picturesque hero. They both did their work loyally and well; but assistance of a more practically useful kind was given by Mr. Harry Nicholls as the indispensable comic man, who gives to his Elizabethan jokes a decidedly modern flavour and a nineteenth century point to his archaisms; and by Miss Ada Neilson, who gave a remarkably accurate and vigorous picture of the "Virgin Queen." Miss Edith Bruce, Miss Kate James, Mr. Beaumont, and others may be congratulated on their successful endeavours; but the play, as a play, will stand on its scenic and pictorial merits. The ambitious ode spoken by Miss Maud Milton, and the tableau representing the historic game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe, after the picture by Seymour Lucas, will probably be sacrificed to get the play over by eleven; but there will be plenty left to amuse and edify an audience not wholly slaves to frivolity and ingrained vulgarity.

Something must be done, and done quickly too, to check the spirit of reckless courtesy that distinguishes the first nights of new plays in London. Rudeness prevailed at Drury-Lane on Saturday; still grosser rudeness was observed at the new Court Theatre in London. At Drury the "yahoos" vented their spleen because Queen Elizabeth dared to wear a farthingale, and spontaneously said "Amen" when God was asked to bless her health and enterprise. At the Court Theatre no considerations of courtesy or good taste were permitted to weigh against the innate selfishness of the modern "cad" who presumes to criticise modern plays. Unfortunately there is no other word for him. He is disturbed on getting to his seat; he considers that the pit is not large enough or the pit entrance is too small; he has been upset; his vanity has not been tickled; he has paid his two shillings, and he wants two guineas' worth of room—so he begins to yell and cat-call. He won't allow comfort to any human soul. A manageress may be anxious, an actress may be nervous, great enterprises may be at stake—what does it matter to the combative "cad"? He has to make himself heard and felt. He did it with a vengeance on the occasion of the opening of the new Court Theatre: he hissed and howled, until very shame silenced him, merely because the architect of the new playhouse had not satisfied his requirements. When will the stalls and boxes arise and cry down this boisterous bumpitiveness? When will decent people be heard in the chivalrous defence of powerless actors in antagonism to the rowdyism that threatens to wreck property and to discredit art? The new theatre is an elegant little playhouse; all was done that could possibly be done to make the playgoer comfortable; and yet the personal popularity of Mrs. John Wood and the presence of Mr. Hare were not allowed to weigh against the annoyance of a rush down a pit staircase on a crowded night and on the occasion of opening a new theatre. The programme offered was extremely interesting. Mr. Charles Thomas wrote a new comedietta called "Hermine" that brought into prominence Miss Florence Wood, a young actress of strong individuality and uncommon promise; a girl of education who has style, distinction, and power. The majority of young actresses now-a-days are weak and pulseless. They are feeble, and possess the intelligence of the ordinary shop-girl—worthy creatures, no doubt, but with no nerve or stamina. Miss Florence Wood strikes us, at the outset, as a girl of no ordinary intelligence, and as a young actress of very remarkable individuality. To see her stand unmoved, with a sarcastic smile on her lips, when the pit showered on her unoffending shoulders their impudent sneers was a bit of acting worth remembering. The little play passed off as well as it could after so stormy a prologue, and then came Mr. Grundy's version of the funny French farce "Les Surprises du Divorce." Somehow or other the play in the process of translation had lost colour. It went flatter than it should have done; it had not been well rehearsed; or, if it had, some of the company had forgotten their instructions. Mr. Hare was admirable enough, and so was Mrs. John Wood. The comic despair of the one and the eccentric indifference of the other prevented collapse; but "Mamma" must be played quicker and with far more spirit if it is to run as long as the Court farces that helped to make the name of Pinero. By-the-way, Mr. Pinero is to write the next play at the new Court Theatre when Mr. Hare has packed up and gone off to manage his own theatre at Charing-cross.

There are great events in the immediate future. Mr. Mansfield will play next Monday at the Lyceum in "A Parisian Romance." On Tuesday the Globe Theatre will start a new career with "The Monk's Room," a play that is reported to have failed twice, and very distinctly, at matinées. Meanwhile, the clever "Mikado" is being acted for the last nights at the Savoy, and all the company are hard at work on the new opera by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, which will be the talk of all London in a few days' time.

and the interposition of Providence than to actual prowess—will linger longer on the memory than even the vaunted sea-picture of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. In such plays of pageantry and scenic splendour at Drury-Lane acting as an art plays a subordinate part. All its subtlety and refinement are lost on a stage peopled with an army of supernumeraries and dedicated to din. It would require lungs of leather to shout louder than the din of carpenters and scene-shifters. Consequently, Miss Winifred Emery can do little more than look pretty and engaging; Mr. Leonard Boyne does all he can do when he is passionate and energetic. The one is a graceful heroine, the other a picturesque hero. They both did their work loyally and well; but assistance of a more practically useful kind was given by Mr. Harry Nicholls as the indispensable comic man, who gives to his Elizabethan jokes a decidedly modern flavour and a nineteenth century point to his archaisms; and by Miss Ada Neilson, who gave a remarkably accurate and vigorous picture of the "Virgin Queen." Miss Edith Bruce, Miss Kate James, Mr. Beaumont, and others may be congratulated on their successful endeavours; but the play, as a play, will stand on its scenic and pictorial merits. The ambitious ode spoken by Miss Maud Milton, and the tableau representing the historic game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe, after the picture by Seymour Lucas, will probably be sacrificed to get the play over by eleven; but there will be plenty left to amuse and edify an audience not wholly slaves to frivolity and ingrained vulgarity.

Something must be done, and done quickly too, to check the spirit of reckless courtesy that distinguishes the first nights of new plays in London. Rudeness prevailed at Drury-Lane on Saturday; still grosser rudeness was observed at the new Court Theatre in London. At Drury the "yahoos" vented their spleen because Queen Elizabeth dared to wear a farthingale, and spontaneously said "Amen" when God was asked to bless her health and enterprise. At the Court Theatre no considerations of courtesy or good taste were permitted to weigh against the innate selfishness of the modern "cad" who presumes to criticise modern plays. Unfortunately there is no other word for him. He is disturbed on getting to his seat; he considers that the pit is not large enough or the pit entrance is too small; he has been upset; his vanity has not been tickled; he has paid his two shillings, and he wants two guineas' worth of room—so he begins to yell and cat-call. He won't allow comfort to any human soul. A manageress may be anxious, an actress may be nervous, great enterprises may be at stake—what does it matter to the combative "cad"? He has to make himself heard and felt. He did it with a vengeance on the occasion of the opening of the new Court Theatre: he hissed and howled, until very shame silenced him, merely because the architect of the new playhouse had not satisfied his requirements. When will the stalls and boxes arise and cry down this boisterous bumpitiveness? When will decent people be heard in the chivalrous defence of powerless actors in antagonism to the rowdyism that threatens to wreck property and to discredit art? The new theatre is an elegant little playhouse; all was done that could possibly be done to make the playgoer comfortable; and yet the personal popularity of Mrs. John Wood and the presence of Mr. Hare were not allowed to weigh against the annoyance of a rush down a pit staircase on a crowded night and on the occasion of opening a new theatre. The programme offered was extremely interesting. Mr. Charles Thomas wrote a new comedietta called "Hermine" that brought into prominence Miss Florence Wood, a young actress of strong individuality and uncommon promise; a girl of education who has style, distinction, and power. The majority of young actresses now-a-days are weak and pulseless. They are feeble, and possess the intelligence of the ordinary shop-girl—worthy creatures, no doubt, but with no nerve or stamina. Miss Florence Wood strikes us, at the outset, as a girl of no ordinary intelligence, and as a young actress of very remarkable individuality. To see her stand unmoved, with a sarcastic smile on her lips, when the pit showered on her unoffending shoulders their impudent sneers was a bit of acting worth remembering. The little play passed off as well as it could after so stormy a prologue, and then came Mr. Grundy's version of the funny French farce "Les Surprises du Divorce." Somehow or other the play in the process of translation had lost colour. It went flatter than it should have done; it had not been well rehearsed; or, if it had, some of the company had forgotten their instructions. Mr. Hare was admirable enough, and so was Mrs. John Wood. The comic despair of the one and the eccentric indifference of the other prevented collapse; but "Mamma" must be played quicker and with far more spirit if it is to run as long as the Court farces that helped to make the name of Pinero. By-the-way, Mr. Pinero is to write the next play at the new Court Theatre when Mr. Hare has packed up and gone off to manage his own theatre at Charing-cross.

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OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF MAR AND KELLIE.

The Right Hon. Walter Henry Erskine, M.A., Earl of Mar and Kellie, a Representative Peer of Scotland, Viscount of Scotland, died suddenly, at Alloa, on Sept. 16. He was born Dec. 17, 1839, the eldest son of Walter Coningsby, twelfth Earl of Kellie, C.B., by Elise, his wife, daughter of Colonel Youngson, of Bowscar, Cumberland; was educated at Eton, and graduated at the University of Oxford. He married, Oct. 14, 1863, Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. William Forbes, of Medwyn, and had three sons and six daughters. He succeeded to the Earldom of Kellie in 1872, and prosecuted successfully his father's claim to the earldom of Mar. This decision of the Lords led to great controversy, which ended in the Earl of Kellie being allowed the earldom of 1563, and Mr. Goodeve Erskine, now Earl of Mar, confirmed in the more ancient earldom—a title so honourably associated with the Scottish annals.

LORD CRAIGHILL.

The Hon. Lord Craighill (John Millar), a member of the College of Justice, died at his residence, Ainslee-place, Edinburgh, on Sept. 22. He was son of Mr. John Hepburn Millar, of Glasgow, merchant, and received his education at Glasgow and Edinburgh. He was called to the Bar in 1842; twice filled the office of Solicitor-General—viz., in 1867 and 1874; in the latter year he was raised to the Bench.

MAJOR BARTTELLOT.

Major Edmund Musgrave Barttelot, of the Royal Fusiliers, was treacherously assassinated, on July 19, in Central Africa, by the Manyema carriers provided by Tippoo Tib, when in command of an expedition in search of Stanley, and for the relief of Emin Pasha. This lamented officer was youngest son of Sir Walter B. Barttelot, Bart., C.B., M.P., of Stopham, Sussex, by Harriet, his first wife, daughter of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Edenhall. He was born in 1859, and educated at Rugby and Sandhurst. At the time of his barbarous murder he was Major 1st Battalion Royal Fusiliers. He served in the Afghan War, 1879-80 (medal and clasp); in the Egyptian Campaign, 1882 (medal and clasp); and in the Souakim Expedition.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir Henry Anthony Farrington, Bart., on Sept. 19, aged seventy-seven. His memoir will be given in our next issue.

Alderman Henry Scrase, J.P., at his residence, Highware Bassett, Southampton, on Sept. 18, aged seventy-nine.

The Rev. Frederick A. S. Pendleton, Rector of St. Sampson, Guernsey, and formerly British Chaplain at Monte Video and at Florence, on Sept. 13.

Mr. Charles Brooke-Hunt, J.P. and D.L. for the county of Gloucester, on Sept. 19, at Merton Grange, Slough, in his ninety-fifth year.

Alexander Cook, R.N., Commander H.M.S. Duke of Wellington, flag-ship at Portsmouth, eldest surviving son of the late Mr. Alexander Shank Cook, Advocate-Sheriff of Ross and Cromarty, on Sept. 18, at Elm Hurst, Southsea.

* * * We are happy to be able to state, on the very best authority, that General William Inglis, C.B., of Hildersham Hall, Cambridge, whose death was announced in our last issue, is alive and well; and we much regret that the report of his death should have appeared in our columns.

The annual conference of the Evangelical Alliance British Organisation began in Plymouth, on Sept. 25, with a conversazione, which was followed by a largely-attended public meeting, presided over by the Bishop of Exeter.

The race for the valuable Lancashire Plate at Manchester on Sept. 22 resulted in the victory of Lord Calthorpe's Seabreeze, who defeated the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire by three parts of a length, Baron Schickler's Le Sancy being third.—The Newmarket First October Meeting opened on Sept. 25 in somewhat dull weather, and with a poor attendance. The Duke of Westminster won the All-aged Trial Plate with Dornoch, Mr. L. De Rothschild the Selling Plate with Ketta, the Duke of Portland the Buckenham Stakes with Donovan and the Great Foal Stakes with Ayrshire, Mr. J. Hammond the First Nursery Plate with Laureate, Lord Rodney the Maiden Plate with Claribelle, and the Duke of Beaufort the Thirty-ninth Triennial with Rêve d'Or; and Prince Soltykoff's Gold walked over for the Boscombe Stakes. On Sept. 26, the Duke of Westminster won the Zetland Stakes with Rydal; the succeeding Sweepstakes fell to Simonia; and the Granby Stakes to Cedar. In the chief race of the day, Wise Man was first, Sandal second, and Maiden Belle third.

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A VISIT TO THESSALY.

A visit to the most interesting points in Thessaly is no longer a matter of difficulty, owing to the comfortable steamers which constantly ply between the Piraeus and Volo, and the railway service which connects the latter town with the interior. Tolerable hotel accommodation also can be obtained at Volo and Larissa; and brigands—the bugbear of former times—are as seldom met as centaurs. Larissa has been under Greek rule for only seven years, and in its badly-made streets, Oriental houses, and numerous minarets, still retains the characteristics of a Turkish town. The Turks are now rapidly leaving, and the population is said to have fallen from 20,000 to about 7000. The tall, needle-like minarets are nearly all that remain of the mosques, which once numbered about thirty. The ruins of these buildings and of numerous deserted Turkish houses give a very weird and dreary aspect to the rambling streets, an effect heightened by the barred and grated windows, which here and there top the bare walls of the prison-like residences that remain. Many of the houses are low, especially in the neighbourhood of the bazaar, and their humble proportions are still further dwarfed by the towering minarets. The town, however, notwithstanding its numerous ruins, seems to be entering on a fresh life. New and good streets are being made, and it is likely that a few years will see a great change in the aspect of the place. Leake describes Larissa as the most Ottoman town in Greece to the southward of Saloniki; and at the time of his visit its Turkish masters were specially notorious for their insolence. A Turk is now seldom seen: the champions of the Prophet will not live where they cannot rule. Twelve hours suffice for the visit by carriage to Tempe, even if one goes to the village of Laspochori at the far end of the vale and visits the bridge over the river beyond the guard-house; but, if time is limited, little will be missed by making the rustic café under the plane-tree the limit of the excursion, and so saving quite an hour.

We left Larissa at six o'clock on a beautiful morning last April; and were glad we had not started at an earlier hour, as the sun, though already hot, had not yet dispersed the mists which rose from the low ground we had to drive over, and which chilled us to the bone. Makrychori and some other villages, formerly occupied by Turks, are visible from the road, near which also lie some old Moslem cemeteries. The appearance of the latter is singularly desolate. They are not fenced in, but stand on the open plain as monuments of a régime which, happily alike for visitors and residents, is at an end. The tombs are marked by rough upright stones, very rudely shaped, and, so far as I saw, without inscriptions. The graves are not filled in with earth, but are covered with boards, over which a thin layer of clay is spread. It is necessary to walk among them with caution, as in some cases the wood has rotted away, and the graves have become open pitfalls. The vale proper begins at the village of Baba, where we arrived after three hours' drive, and made a short stay to visit a curious old mosque, the interior of which has been turned into a burying-place. The road now passes Ambelakia, named from its vines; the fresh fountain Kryologon, and the ruins of a mediaeval castle, which derives its name, "The Fair One's Tower," from a legend recorded in the Kleptic ballads. We reached Laspochori—i.e., "mudtown"—about eleven o'clock, and then retraced our steps to the café mentioned above. Having lunched and drunk coffee à la Turque in the usual frail and tiny cups, we spent a couple of hours enjoying our delightful surroundings and listening to the nightingales, who did not share the ancient shepherds' scruples about disturbing Pan's noontide

slumbers. We did not see any serpents, but there were many beautiful green lizards, and occasionally an eagle was seen floating high above the rocks that towered over our heads.

There has been no small conflict of opinion as to whether the leading characteristic of the vale of Tempe is savage



grandeur or sylvan beauty. Livy describes it as "a defile, the rocks on both sides of which are so perpendicular as to cause dizziness both in the mind and eyes of those who look down from the precipice. Their terror is also increased by the depth and roar of the Peneus rushing through the midst of the valley." Modern travellers, while admitting that Livy's account is, in some respects, inaccurate, and that his description of the Peneus is singularly unsuitable to this part of its course, yet agree with him in representing the general impression produced by Lykostomo—i.e., the "Wolf's Mouth," as the valley is now called—to be one of gloom and terror. The poets, however, draw a very different picture of the spot. Homer calls the Peneus "the silver-eddying," and to Horace, Virgil, and Catullus the vale was the ideal of woodland beauty. Nor are the verse-writers alone in taking this view, for Ælian, in his "Varia Historia," has given one of

the most glowing and enthusiastic descriptions we possess of the valley. Variations of season or weather may, perhaps, account for the widely divergent impressions which different visitors have carried away. Holland, who regards the vale as an abode of gloom, paid his visit at the end of November, and expressly says that the weather was wet and cold. It was my happy lot to see this "feast for the eyes," as Ælian calls it, in early summer, under a cloudless sky and bright sun. The ruggedness of the rocks was concealed or relieved by the rich foliage. The ground was gay with flowers; the air, fragrant with their perfume. The plane-trees furnished delightful shade by the banks of the gently-gliding stream. Innumerable birds filled the woods with their song. As the day wore on we reluctantly took our leave, turning our backs on the richly-wooded vale; and again passing the old Turkish cemeteries, whose dreary and desolate situation was the only part of the journey suggestive of gloom.

No spot in Thessaly is more calculated to impress a visitor than Kalabaka, the quaint picturesqueness of whose rock monasteries is absolutely unique. Above the slope on which the village lies, great cliffs, towering to a height of several hundred feet, stand like isolated columns, and present the appearance of having been severed from one another by the action of the sea. The monasteries which crown these heights are veritable eyries, and can now be approached only by ladders attached to the face of the rock, or by nets or baskets, which the monks haul up with a windlass. How the ascent was made in the first instance is an unsolved mystery. The district was sometimes called Stagus—i.e., "the Place of Saints"; sometimes Meteora—i.e., "the Elevated"—according as it was desired to emphasise the piety of the monks or the security of their retreat. Most of the monasteries were founded in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and must have been invaluable as places of refuge when the country was in a disturbed state. They at one time numbered twenty-three, but now only seven are occupied. Curzon saw manuscripts at two or three of the monasteries; but, at present, Meteoron, as the principal monastery is called, *par excellence*, appears to be the only one which has a library of any importance. The monks are very hospitable, and not only entertain the visitor by day, but are also willing to supply sleeping accommodation. St. Stephen's is, perhaps, the best monastery at which to pass the night. C. H. K.

Mr. E. J. Phisick, sculptor, has erected a handsome sculptured memorial in Sicilian marble at Long Melford, Suffolk, in memory of Hyde Parker, of the 8th King's Regiment, eldest son of Sir W. Parker, Bart., of Melford Hall.

The Sothern Local Board have sealed a contract with Messrs. Arrol Brothers, of Glasgow, for the construction of a new pier, which is to take the place of the present wooden structure. The amount of Messrs. Arrol's tender is £43,484, this being exclusive of the superstructures and the tramway, which will be tendered for separately, the total cost being estimated at £60,000.

The seventh annual show of the Royal Windsor and Slough Poultry, Pigeon, Rabbit, and Cage Bird Association, which is under the patronage of Prince Christian, Viscount Curzon, M.P., Mr. R. Richardson-Gardner, M.P., and others, has been held in the Home Park, opposite Windsor Castle, and has been attended by a large number of visitors. It comprised 1441 handsome specimens, arranged in 124 classes, and includes a fine collection of cats. Prizes to the value of about £200 were awarded to the successful competitors.

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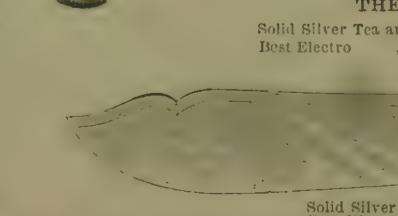
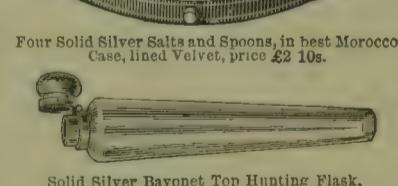
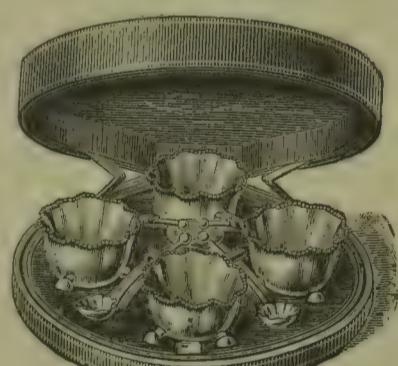
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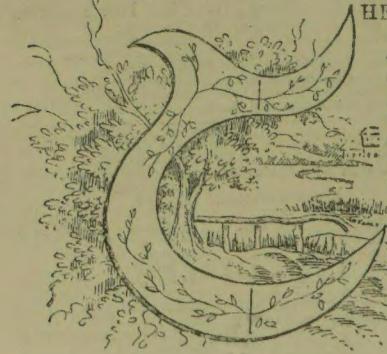
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IN THE SPINNEY.



HE lads and lasses come here in the summer evenings to tell that old, old tale which is ever new; but there are many hours in the day, and many days in the year, when the spinney is as absolute a solitude as Candide himself could have desired. There are noble old oaks about it, and some stately beeches, contrasted by the lithe gracefulness of the silver birch; and the paths wind through thick, clustering brambles, where the blackberries are ripening as fast as premature fingers will permit; and you may find some clumps of bracken which already begin to show the influence of the coming Autumn. From a rising ground on the north you look down into a deep valley, lined with lawny slopes, and freely sprinkled with time-old trees—trees of patrician bearing, not like the young upstarts which flaunt about our suburban gardens and avenues—trees strong in the strength of years, and throwing out their lusty branches with a fine air of freedom and independence, and maintaining an erectness of stature which speaks of the vigour of maturity. At the bottom of the valley nestles a tiny lake, or pool, which at one end reflects the shadows of a portion of the wood, but elsewhere lies open to the smiles of Heaven, and on clear, bright days does its best to absorb as much of the sunshine and the azure as its limited compass will hold. Some pleasant-looking mansions are scattered up and down the sides of the valley; not so many as to detract from its picturesqueness of aspect, and yet in sufficient number to invest the scene with a certain homeliness of character; while, in one direction, a tall spire lifts itself above a group of environing trees, fixing the eye as a landmark. On the eastern horizon looms a vast cloud, which indicates the neighbourhood of a mighty city; and sometimes, when the wind disperses it for a while, you get glimpses of towers and roofs and domes, and the sun strikes upon surfaces which reflect its rays with power; and further south, on a wooded ridge, rise towers and arches of glass, belonging, one might think, to some fabric of magical creation. The intervening space, broken by gentle undulations, is filled in with masses of foliage and colonies of houses, to which the distance happily lends a softened outline and subdued colouring; and church towers and spires are dotted here, there, and everywhere, for without them no English landscape—to use the phrase of the auctioneer—would be complete.

From all these signs and evidences of multitudinous life we return into the solitariness of the spinney. We cannot wholly shut out the neighbouring world, it is true, for the swift, sudden rush of passing trains breaks constantly upon the ear; but I am not sure that this is not one of the greatest charms of the spot—that it is so near to, and yet in a sense so far from, the sweeping currents of everyday activity. The scream of the engine does not silence the modest song of the chiffchaff, or the sweeter strain of the linnet; and butterflies whisk to and fro, and bees buzz about among the briers; though you may hear now and again the chink of the bricklayer's trowel from

some new buildings in the road below. I think the solitude that is most precious, and certainly most enjoyable, is the solitude that lies just outside the hum of men—the solitude that we can abandon at a moment's notice—the solitude that is relieved by echoes of near-at-hand humanity. There we are alone, and yet not alone; we enjoy the pleasures of solitude, and escape its pains. In this unfrequented spinney I am as much lord of all I survey as was Alexander Selkirk on his lone island in the pathless wilds of the Pacific; but, more fortunate than he, I am not oppressed by the terrors of solitude, because in a half-a-dozen minutes I can happily restore myself to social life and companionship.

The music of the birds now grows feebler every day. The fullness and freshness of the spring, the ripeness and strength of the summer, are gone. A robin has perched on a bough of yonder chestnut, and sits and watches me with black beady eyes, but is as silent as the maiden in the fairy tale before the prince appeared who woke her into life and speech. A blackbird creeps through yonder tangle of bush and briar; but he, too, reposes on his past fame as a sweet singer. The chaffinches still call to one another, though their time of silence is fast approaching; and snatches of a thrush's song drop through the air like golden spray; but, compared with its "consort" of happy voices in the vernal dawns and noons, the spinney is now as hushed and still as the poet's "banquet-hall deserted," when the lights are fled and the garlands dead, and the merry-makers make merry in it no more. Oh! for the joyous days of June, when the blackbirds piped high up among the green branches of the oak, which are now so loaded with acorns; and the tit built her nest and warbled in the blackthorn; and the mavis caroled in the leafy ash; and the willow-wren sang his dainty song amid the leafy coverts; and all the spinney resounded with the various melodies, which crossed and recrossed one another like the eddies of a stream—or the different parts of a fugue by some great master—until the separate strains gradually melted into one another, and formed a continuous flood of harmony.

The birds are going, and so are the flowers. The children, in the chill autumnal days, are hard put to it to make up their posies. A few delicate blue-bells are left to us, and the yellow petals of the crowfoot have not wholly vanished; golden elecampane still grows freely, and the purple heath spreads in glorious patches over the common. There are happy hedges where the late honeysuckle flowers, and sunny fields are yellow with the rag-wort, and tufts of golden broom line the steep banks in far-away lanes; but here, in the spinney, we have no such old familiar faces. Though as yet the foliage of oak and chestnut and birch has but just felt the touch of Autumn's fingers, the flowers have passed away with the warm noons and the early sunshine; and the children, if they find their way into the spinney, must be content with blackberrying or acorn-gathering to exhaust their exuberant activity. Or they may gather the arrow-shaped bryony-leaves, and twist them into a wreath which even Beauty might be proud to wear; and the tall yellow fronds of the brake-fern, or the feathery grasses which are now so plentiful, shall help them in their pretty pastimes.

Yes; the wild flowers have faded out of the spinney, and are dying in the hedge-rows; the grass on the leas has lost its look of freshness; a few leaves have begun to drop on the outskirts of the wood. The ivy flutters on the wall; the rich pears tumble from the bending bough; the twittering swallows are making ready for their flight to warmer lands; and while we are still waiting for the summer that this year

has cheated us so sorely, the presence of the autumn is coming fast upon us. We see its burning touch on the green leafage, which it covers with tiny spots of yellow, and will soon kindle into a thousand rare magical tints and shades; we feel its breath in the chill airs that blow at early morn and again as day draws in; we know that it folds itself round with the dense mists that gather now over valley and meadow, and steal up the hills almost to their summit. All the sights and sounds of the country warn us September is swiftly gliding by, as that the autumn will soon assert its power of decay in lane and field, in garden and orchard, among the pastures, and—in the spinney.

W. H. D.-A.

Lord and Lady Londonderry opened on Sept. 25 a new wing and hospital wards at the Meath Hospital and County Dublin Infirmary, which were built with money bequeathed by two gentlemen named Barber and Bury.

Harvest home was celebrated on Sept. 25 at the Philanthropic Society's Farm School, Redhill. The society is a hundred years old this year, and claims to have been the first to deal with juvenile crime in a hopeful, systematic way.

Ludgate-hill is again attractive with a display of Civic purple and fine linen, for Messrs. Samuel Brothers are again exhibiting gorgeous costumes, this time for the retainers of Mr. Alderman Gray, Sheriff-elect.

An Exhibition of Pictures was opened on Sept. 24 in the Wolverhampton Art Gallery by the Mayor. The loans include one of Landseer's works, sent by the Queen, from Buckingham Palace, and exhibits from the National and Liverpool and Manchester Corporation Galleries.

The Walsall Science and Art Institute was opened on Sept. 24 by the borough member, Sir Charles Forster, Bart., amid great rejoicings. The Earl of Bradford gave the site, and the cost of the structure (£5500) has been met by the aid of Government grants, amounting to about £1300.

The council of the National Rifle Association met on Sept. 25 to consider the relative merits of the Berkshire and Cannock Chase sites for the new Wimbledon. It was resolved to defer a decision on the question, to give further time for inquiry as to obtaining a site nearer the metropolis, and to ask the Government to assist the Association in the matter.

A meeting of the City Commission of Sewers was held at Guildhall on Sept. 25, Mr. H. Pannell presiding. A letter was read from the City Architect, stating that the whole of the property on the east side of Duke-street, Aldgate, had been rebuilt to the new line of frontage, and that the Commissioners might therefore take possession of the ground between the old and new line of frontage, for the purpose of widening and repairing it. The finance committee recommended that this should be done, and the court agreed accordingly.

The Registrar-General reports that 2463 births and 1298 deaths were registered in London during the week ending Sept. 22. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 248, and the deaths 109, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 32 from measles, 20 from scarlet fever, 24 from diphtheria, 22 from whooping-cough, 11 from enteric fever, 78 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 4 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 130, 148, and 184 in the three preceding weeks, declined to 179, being 21 below the corrected average. Different forms of violence caused 69 deaths. In Greater London 3247 births and 1629 deaths were registered.

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THE SEVILLE LADY'S EASY CHAIR,
In Saddlebags of rich Persian design and colourings, mounted on velvet, £3 15s.

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In Saddlebags of rich Persian design and colourings, mounted on velvet, £5 10s.

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MAPLE and CO.—BED-ROOM SUITES. The WHIMBY SUITE, in solid ash or walnut, consisting of wardrobe with plate-glass door, toilet table with glass affixed, washstand with marble top and tile back, pedestal cupboard and three chairs, £10 15s. Illustration free.

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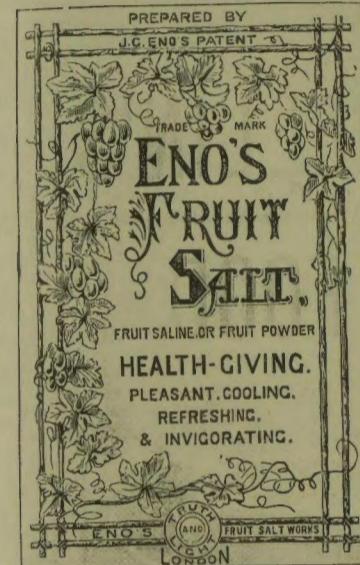
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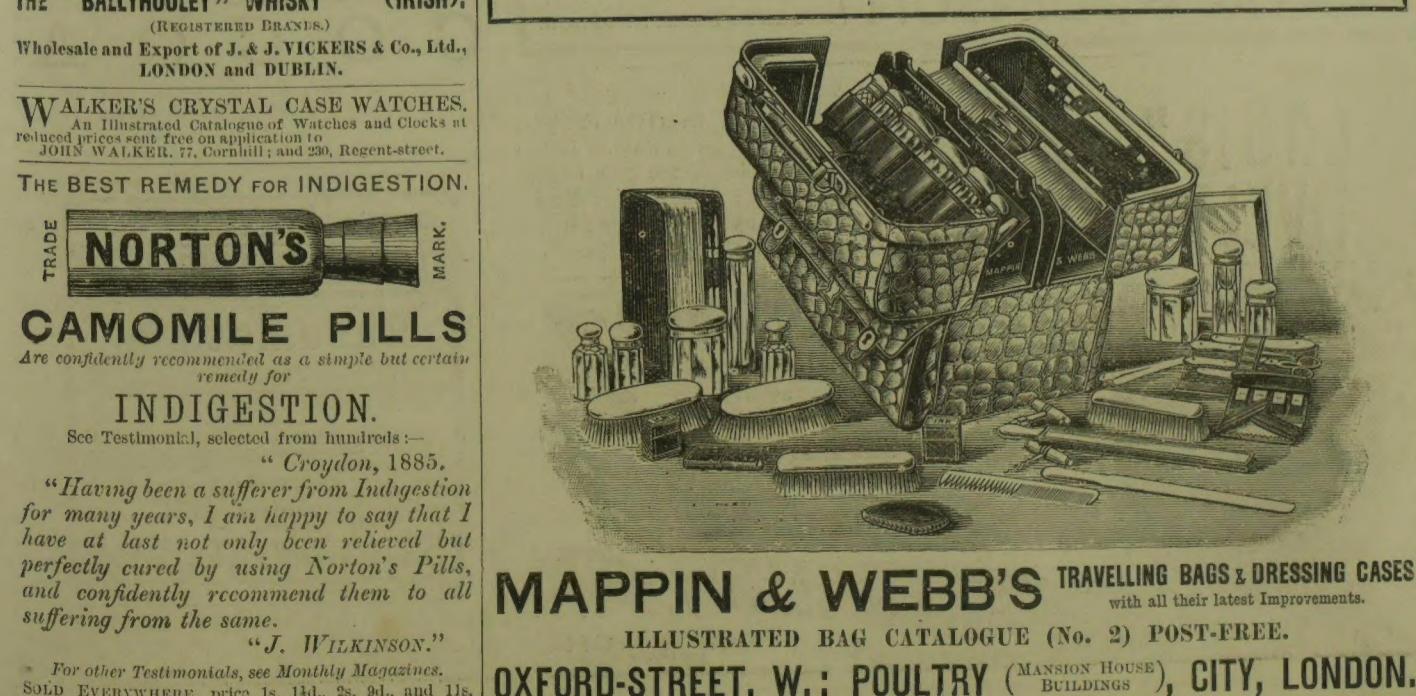
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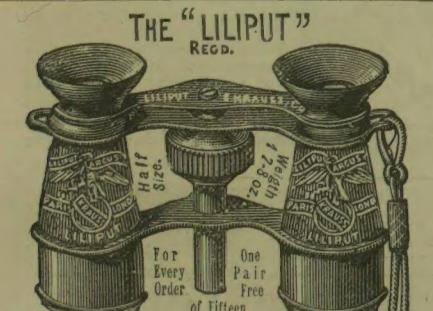
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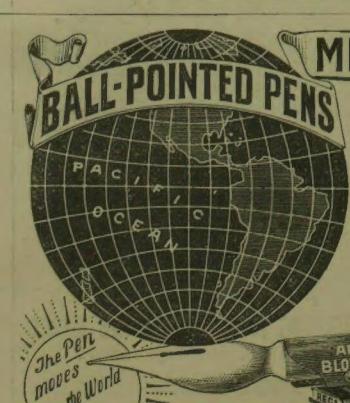
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